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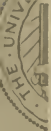
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Selections
FROM
LETTERS
WRITTEN DURING A TOUR THROUGH
THE UNITED STATES,
In the Summer and Autumn of 1819;
ILLUSTRATIVE OF
THE CHARACTER OF THE NATIVE INDIANS,
AND OF THEIR DESCENT FROM
THE LOST TEN TRIBES OF ISRAEL;
As well as descriptive of
THE PRESENT SITUATION AND
SUFFERINGS OF EMIGRANTS,
AND OF THE
SOIL AND STATE OF AGRICULTURE.

BY E. HOWITT.

“ Let it be enquired, whether the first intention of those who are fluttering on the wing, and collecting a flock that they may take their flight, be to attain good or to avoid evil.”

JOHNSON.

Nottingham:

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REESE

TO VINU
AMMOPLAO

ADVERTISEMENT.



THE numerous publications of American travels, within these few years, seem to supersede the necessity of any addition to their number ; and, were it not for the most important considerations, arising out of the present relative circumstances of this country and of the United States, they certainly would do so. But, when the fates of thousands of our countrymen are, in a great measure, dependant upon the nature of the intelligence they receive thence, no man can blamelessly withhold that information which he deems at once important and imperfectly diffused : and no information which is true, can be superfluous.

that settlement. The relation of that journey, in letters 2 and 3, will sufficiently explain the scope and character of that publication.

Some remarks of Dr. S. Johnson, in his Tour to the Hebrides, appear to him particularly applicable to the present causes and consequences of American emigration.

“Those who have obtained grants of American lands, have, as is well known, invited settlers from all quarters of the globe. Whether the mischiefs of emigration were immediately perceived, may be justly questioned. They who went first, were probably such as could best be spared; but the accounts sent by the earliest adventurers, whether true or false, inclined many to follow them; and whole neighbourhoods formed parties for removal: so that departure from their native country is no longer exile. He that goes thus accompanied, carries with

him all that makes life pleasant. He sits down surrounded by his kindred and friends; they carry with them their language, their opinions, their popular songs and hereditary merriment: they change nothing but their place of abode,—and of that change they perceive the benefit.

“ This is the real effect of emigration, if those that go away together settle on the same spot, and preserve their ancient union. But some relate, that these adventurous visitants of unknown regions, after a voyage passed in dreams of plenty and felicity, are dispersed at last upon a sylvan wilderness,—where their first years must be spent in toil, to clear the ground, which is afterwards to be tilled; and that the whole effect of their undertaking is only more fatigue and equal scarcity.

“ Some method to stop this epidemic desire of wandering, which spreads its contagion from valley to valley, deserves to be sought with great diligence.

“ Let it be enquired, whether the first intention of those who are fluttering on the wing, and collecting a flock, that they may take their flight, be to attain good or to avoid evil. If they are dissatisfied with that part of the globe which their birth has allotted them, and resolve not to live without the pleasures of happier climates; if they long for bright suns, and calm skies, and flowery fields, and fragrant gardens, I know not by what eloquence they can be persuaded, or by what offers they can be hired to stay.

“ But if they are driven from their native country by positive evils, and disgusted by ill treatment, real or imaginary, it were fit to remove their grievances, and quiet their resentment : since, if they have been hitherto undutiful subjects, they will not much mend their principles by American conversation.

“ To hinder insurrection by driving away the people, and to govern peaceably

by having no subjects, is an expedient that argues no great profundity of politics. To soften the obdurate,—to convince the mistaken,—to mollify the resentful,—are worthy of a statesman; but it affords a legislator little self-applause, to consider that where there was formerly an insurrection there is now a wilderness.”

On the subject of emigration, he has only to observe in conclusion,—that he is aware that it has led him to state circumstances, and sketch features of society, which may by some be deemed as charged with a tendency to excite feelings of resentment and animosity in the minds of Americans. He can alone avow, that he regards strictures of that nature, wantonly made, as deserving the utmost reprehension; and if it has fallen to his lot to touch upon matters which could not be read, beyond the Atlantic, with the most perfect equanimity of temper, he has done it with a reluctance which nothing but the most solemn regard to truth, and the

most anxious wishes for the welfare of those who may hereafter be affected by them, could overcome. His object has been, whenever such topics have occurred, to give those proposing to emigrate, a correct idea of things which they would inevitably meet with. And he would wish it to be distinctly understood, that the bulk of his remarks apply to that range of society which occupies newly-settled tracks. But settlers themselves may be supposed as speaking with greater impartiality than a mere passing traveller, he therefore gives the following extract of a letter from an acquaintance.

“On my arrival in America, my spirits were exceedingly depressed by the bad news I heard on all sides, respecting the back country; however, I pushed forward, and have no reason to repent.—I arrived at Birkbeck’s settlement on the 11th of September, and purchased land in a few days; but the boys I brought with me have occasioned me a great deal

of trouble and uneasiness. The one I engaged on my passage, I was obliged quickly to discharge,—and the one I brought with me from England, and whom I thought nothing would have induced to leave me, has turned out the most hardened, wicked wretch imaginable. We are surrounded by numbers of back-woods-men, whom Birkbeck truly calls “Half savage hunters:” these he has left my cabin, in my absence, to join; wishing myself, his father, mother, brother, and all Englishmen, the most hearty curses; declaring he was in a free country, where he could plunder and do as he pleased: for, the back-woodsmen have a strange notion, that they are too strong for the law, except in cases of money transactions. You hear of desperate characters in London; but these men beat them hollow, in all species of crime. These are the men with whom Henry has associated himself, and particularly with a young but most desperate character, who

fancies himself freed from all moral obligations. He has espoused Henry's cause, and set the whole tribe of hunters in hostility against me. I have every reason to believe they have killed one of my horses, and that Henry is lurking about my plantation, to destroy the other. The reasons he alledged for leaving me were,—that I had teased him with learning him to read and write, and reproved him for getting intoxicated; which they teach him are intolerable insults. It has been added, that I have beaten him; but every one, acquainted with this country, knows I dare not have touched a hair of his head: for children, from the age of six, are taught to resent such an injury with a *stab*,—and are seldom seen here without a knife for this purpose.

That word LIBERTY, but which I call LICENTIOUSNESS, is a curse to this country. Here, children of six and seven years old, set their parents at defiance, and are supported in their rebellion by their neigh-

bours. This State represents a melancholy picture of human depravity: parents encouraging their children in vice,—and children threatening their parents, like dogs. Law and order are odious to them.

“In all new States, there is a code of laws; but it takes some years to put them in force,—and these characters, too strong for the gallows and the whipping-post, indulge themselves in the most horrible crimes. I have mortally offended them, by reprobating some of their evil propensities, and not permitting them to come to my house, to get drunk. Last winter but one, they shot twice at an Englishman, in his own house, for such a refusal; and one of the very men has since been made a magistrate:—*a murderer made a magistrate!*

“Last Christmas, I expected the same fate; but I stood all day in the defensive, and I believe the number of my arms deterred them. They, however, de-

nounce my destruction, and that of my cattle, which I expect going first,—and, for myself, I have been under the necessity of lying during the night with my arms by me, and my sword in my hand, for a long time together. I am five miles from Birkbeck, and therefore out of the reach of immediate assistance. My situation you will think a desperate one,—and you must not be surprised to hear that they have shot me, or I some of them.

“As our settlement increases, however, this nuisance will cease: for these fellows retire before the advance of population, with the rest of the noxious animals. To my face, they are very civil, when it serves their interest: for I am their lawyer and doctor, and have given them every assistance in my power, on all occasions, without charge; but they are men with no ideas of gratitude,—the Indians and wild beasts are far before them.”

J. C.

*Wanborough, (English Settlement,)
State of Illinois, 11th Jan. 1820.*

With respect to the origin of the Indians, it is unnecessary to say more here, than that the author has merely wished to excite a desire in those into whose hands this work may fall, to examine the question at large, in the able work whence he has drawn the principal extracts on that subject.

Mansfield, 8th month, 10th, 1820.

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LETTERS FROM AMERICA.



LETTER I.



New York, 5th mo. 28th, 1819.

YOU have no doubt thought it very long before you heard from us; and I can assure you we have been as anxious to communicate to you the knowledge of our safe arrival. No earlier opportunity has however occurred, and we now hasten to assure you of our health and safety, and to give some passing account of our proceedings to this time. On the 1st of the 4th month we crossed over from Liverpool to Dublin, and having terminated our concerns there, we finally em-

barked on the 11th on board the *Hibernia*, Captain Walteling, for New York, having directed my goods to be shipped for Philadelphia. We had on board about 30 passengers in the steerage, and in the cabin one female and ourselves. For the first few days our voyage was delightful, at least to such as were exempt from sickness; the novelty of the scenes around us, the view of the retiring Irish shores, the wide expanse of waters ruffled by the rising gale, and the porpoise sporting amongst its billows, absorbed the attention of us who were little acquainted with the sea, and doubtless contributed to soften the asperity of many a tender and melancholy feeling in the hearts of those, whom disappointment, distress, or the wild spirit of curiosity and adventure were leading to the Great Western Wilderness. This pleasant scene was quickly succeeded by a violent gale of wind, which shewed us a mixture of the terribly sublime and comical, inconceivable except to a spectator. The reeling and tumbling of the vessel—the waves dashing over the fore-castle—the tremendous thunder of the sea along the sides of the ship—the shrieks of the passengers and the indifference of the seamen—taught us in a moment the terrible majesty of a storm. Below were as many sources

of the ludicrous as above of the sublime. Every thing moveable in agitation or topsy-turvey ; men staggering, tumbling, catching hold of one another, or of any thing next ; sickness, curses, scalding with spilt soup, and a set of figures and faces in noble style for the droll painter. This was the prelude to the rough passage which the sailors predicted as we advanced into the Atlantic from the birds of old Mother Carey. These birds, which are a curiosity in Natural History, are said never to be seen near land. The sailors seem to regard them with superstitious reverence, believing like the fabled Halcyon, they build upon the waves, and ride there the certain oracles of storms. The predictions of the seamen however proved too true, for we had a most turbulent passage, the Captain declaring he had crost the Atlantic 20 times in Winter, but never had a passage like this.

We had however some intervals of fine weather and festivity, and now and then an opportunity of observing in the passing of a distant vessel, how much the abstraction of general objects, adds to those that remain. A noble vessel sailing out of harbour is a magnificent object. But the same vessel beheld in the mighty

solitude of mid-ocean, when the eye meets nothing besides, but the vast canopy of heaven stretched over the immense monotony of waters, assumes a magic beauty and grandeur to be imagined and felt only in such a situation. The associations in the minds of the passengers, swell their feelings to enthusiasm. The two vessels pass like the sole objects in a wide creation. The thoughts of the land whence they came, and of the friends whither they are going, rush into the soul with their first appearance, and the eye, sharpened by these considerations and wearied with the long prospect of the solitary sea, hangs upon the departing sail till it sees it only in imagination.

I had on the 3d of the 5th month, the particular gratification of being permitted to go on board a French vessel, *Le Jeune Alfred de Fecamp*, which lay becalmed about 3 miles off, in N. L. $44^{\circ} 51'$ W. L. $41^{\circ} 32'$ —Myself, a steerage passenger, and a sailor visited her in the little boat. After an hour's hard rowing, during which time a smart breeze arose and endangered our ever recovering our own vessel or reaching this, we gained it, and passing round to the lee side boarded her without ceremony or a word. The mate threw us a rope, and the crew assisted us to mount. Our reception was such as jus-

tified the character of the French for politeness. Their provisions—their Bourdeaux brandy were at our service, and I was surprised to find that none of the sailors would accept of any present. I shall not soon forget the kindness, the generosity, and the mutual affability of that interview. Alas! thought I, as we departed, and these are the men whom we are taught to consider as national enemies, or to regard with the jealous eye of petty rivalry. How lamentable, that the ambition of a few individuals, or the narrow and erroneous policy of ill-calculating statesmen should prevent the intercourse of friendship amongst whole nations, and cherish the poison of discord in dispositions otherwise prone to sociability and mutual good-will. What would have been the result of such an interview a few years ago? Now, we experience nothing but the greatest civility and are compelled to return debtors to their generous hospitality.

On the 17th of the 5th month we discovered land at 8 o'clock in the morning, and at nine we had a clear view of this country, the object of adventurous hope to so many thousands of our distressed countrymen. On the 20th the pilot came on board, at 8 in the

morning, and at 10 we reached the highlands at the mouth of the North River. The hill sides were covered with noble timber; cedar and white oak on both sides the bay, interspersed with gentlemen's houses and cottages in every direction. The oak in the vallies was beginning to bud and look green, that on the hills white, and the hill sides themselves appeared of a sandy colour. The fields were covered with green and luxuriant herbage, the surface of the noble river up which we were sailing, was scarcely ruffled with a breeze, and the sun threw a splendor over the whole, which finished one of the most enchanting and beautiful scenes I ever beheld. You will imagine its delicious effect upon our minds, after the long tossing of the ocean. The next morning we gladly set foot on this land of boasted liberty. Every thing about us contributed to inspire us with the idea, that the relations of the beauty and prosperity of this country were untrue, only as they had failed to reach the level of reality. The season of the year and the gaiety of mind resulting from the thought that our voyage and all its tedium and danger were past, augmented the charm of novelty, and presented the scene before us as a perfect paradise. The poplars along the streets were in their freshest

foliage,—the tulip and lilac were in their full bloom and beauty exhibited for sale. The markets were plentifully supplied with beef, fish, and an abundance of wild fowl, asparagus, green peas, radishes, &c. The ladies, in dresses of uncommon elegance and richness, were walking on the noble and airy promenades. Every thing wore an air of pleasure and plenty. Such were our first impressions! you will make due allowance for the change from the solitude of our voyage to the bustle of the city, which doubtless did not lose its influence upon our opinion of its wealth, respectability, and commercial importance.

The next day we visited the American museum. It contains a great variety of the natural curiosities of this country, amongst which a stuffed bear strikes the spectator perhaps most forcibly. The animal was killed within 40 miles of the city, and weighs 700lbs. There is an excellent collection of Indian tools, dresses and weapons of war.

I have to reckon amongst the most gratifying circumstances of my journey, that of having arrived in New York just in time to witness the yearly Meeting of Friends for that State. The meeting, which continued

four days, was numerously attended. The fine opportunity it afforded me of taking a wide view of the character and habits of American friends, the importance and variety of its discussions, the display of talent and American freedom of opinion it produced, and the universal demonstration of kindness and hospitality given us, induce me to set down this period as one of the happiest of my life. I was particularly impressed with the boldness and decision of American conference, and the extent of modification which the discipline of the Society has received in this country to adapt it to its views and circumstances. In some instances that modification is striking. It is here the custom to hold no meeting of worship previous to one for discipline. A request from one Quarterly Meeting to depart from this established custom, occasioned a long and ably-conducted debate, and the request was finally negatived. It was argued, for the omission of such meetings, that a considerable number of persons frequently took advantage of the great body of friends assembled, to remain amongst them during the succeeding meeting of church discipline. That friends likewise often wished to bring their acquaintances with them to the meeting

of worship, who were under the necessity of returning alone, or occasioning the friends to leave the early part of the meeting to accompany them if strangers, and these friends returning at various times, occasioned much disturbance to the proceedings.

Most of the other subjects were such as occur in our Meetings in England. In the course of the transactions, I particularly noticed Richard Jordan and Henry Hull, who visited England some time ago, Richard Mott and Elias Hicks. In a most interesting debate on the general state of the Society, Richard Mott delivered a speech, perhaps never surpassed for argumentative power and consummate eloquence. The tomb-like silence of the meeting bore a deep and solemn testimony to its effects, and all seemed to feel its appeal irresistible. Elias however did not think so. He arose and replied, with a boldness and originality of sentiment that mark his character, and threw an aspect so different upon it, that it was obliged to be referred to a committee. This friend is deemed by many the first minister in the Society in the U. S. I attended the meeting in Pearl Street, the day previous to the yearly meeting. As he was expected, according to his usual custom, to be

there, we went nearly half an hour before the usual time, but we found the place crowded to excess. Such is the remarkable character of this friend and his ministry, that wherever he holds a meeting this is the case. Possessed of a strong and intrepid mind, unenervated by the restraints and modulations of an academical education, he gives no measure or direction to the avowal of his sentiments, but such as he conceives is prescribed by the spirit of the Almighty. His appearance is simple, old fashioned, and patriarchal, and he pours forth in his public discourses, in an astonishing and animated flow of plain, but powerful and penetrating language, a train of argument that lightens, and sentiment that warms upon whatever it touches. No person, situation, or circumstance can awe him to the suppression of a word that he feels inclined to speak. He harkens alone to his own heart's suggestions of his duty, and he does it. That sophistry must be artful indeed that eludes his discriminating glance; he seems to grasp in a moment the compass and bearing of the subject, and unravels its intricacies with a perspicuity peculiarly his own. No custom, however sanctioned by its antiquity, or doctrine, however supported by public opinion, ever

meets with respect from him, if they originate not in sound reason and sound religion. The professors of other creeds often feel the giant stroke of his oratorical power, yet they do homage to his talents, they venerate his virtues, and though they have shrunk beneath the terrors of his castigation, they court his society and crowd to his meetings.

The yearly meeting being over, we were anxious to pursue our primary object, that of discovering a tract of land in some situation, combining the promise of a market, health, and fertility. A situation to which we could unhesitatingly invite our European friends. In New York our friends have universally recommended us to visit the British settlement of Susquehanna County. My brother is returned from a trip to Long Island, bringing specimens of game &c. He visited William Cobbet's residence three days previous to its being burnt down, and, with the enthusiasm of recent emigrants, describes the country in romantic colours. We waited on the President of the British Emigrant Society, a friend who has furnished us with a map of the country, and a letter of recommendation to the settlers. We have not however found every thing so far, smooth

and without difficulty. In our attempt to purchase a horse and waggon for our journey, we have began to understand the mystery of emigrants continuing so long in the cities. Birkbeck in his notes condemns their lingering in the eastern towns, and continually exclaims, "Push on!" A man however, who has but a few precious dollars in his pocket, is desirous of economising as much as possible in his equipage for his journey. But he will find, when he goes to make his purchase, that the Yankees are prepared to take every advantage of his ignorance or his haste. An Englishman is recognised in a moment. The want of the real Yankee slang or tone is sufficient, but their appearance is a still prior informant. You immediately distinguish English from Americans, who are generally dressed in light clothes, trowsers down to their heels, and broad-brimmed chip hats. Mostly tall, thin, yellow-looking men, who have stood the test of a parching climate. But the English exhibit stout, robust frames, and fresh complexions: their clothes heavy, and themselves labouring under the stimulus of a heated atmosphere, and exhausted with intense perspiration. Amongst the active slim citizens, they look

clumsy and idle. Thus readily known and supposed to be anxious to prosecute their route, they are asked most exorbitant prices for every thing they want. For a horse, we were asked from 100 to 300 dollars, and it has not been till nearly the loss of a week, with much fatigue and chagrin, that we have purchased a horse for 70 dollars, and a waggon for 65 dollars. This species of waggon is made as light or more light than our English gentlemen's carriages. To emigrants, on their arrival, it is difficult to give advice that may enable them to escape gross imposition. Many a poor fellow, who has collected a trifle with the sweat of many years' labour, here beholds it quickly sacrificed by his precipitance, or ignorance of the character of this people. Those who may have friends here will do well to entrust their transactions to them; but to those who have not, I can only recommend deliberate caution and vigilant circumspection. We are intending to set out for the British Settlement to-morrow or the next day. When you will here of us again is most uncertain, but we shall not fail to seize every opportunity of writing, and of sending you a simple and faithful detail of our remarks, perils, and peregrinations.

LETTER II.

*Montrose, Susquehanna County, S. Pennsylvania,
6th Mo. 9th.*

AN emigrant, returning from this place to New York, will convey this letter to the hand of a friend there, to be forwarded by the first line ship to England. We ourselves are on the point of returning, but it is not improbable that we may make some deviation from the direct road which will occasion considerable delays, and we are anxious not to neglect the smallest glimpse of a possibility of conveying our communications to you. I shall not entertain you here with much

declamation, in praise or dispraise, of what we have seen, but simply transcribe facts from my journal, to speak for themselves. We commenced our journey hither the 29th of 5th month. G. L. a friend from Bristol, whose mother (E. L.) was drowned some time ago in the Irish Sea, having agreed to accompany us, we put his knapsack into our waggon, but by mischance we never met at the rendezvous appointed, and we did not see him till a few days ago. For crossing the north river in a steam boat, we paid 87½ cents. As the night proved very clear and moon-light, we travelled till nine o'clock, entertained with a novel kind of music, the croaking of tree frogs and the chirping of wood-crickets! We had scarcely unloaded our things and made our bed in the waggon, when clouds gathered, and obliged us to throw our tent over us; but the dampness of the air, the noises of the birds, and the barking of our dog, prevented us from sleeping. At 3 it began to rain, and we rose and prepared to depart. As we passed through Belville and New Barbadoes, every one who saw us and conversed with us, expressed his sorrow that we were going to be the dupes of interested speculators,—yet was equally fond

of giving advice of his own. As we approached Patterson, the scenery somewhat appeared to resemble that of Matlock, in Derbyshire: high and perpendicular rocks, overhung with wood and seen to a considerable distance. This village is noted for its cotton manufactories, on the Passaic, near the great falls of that river. Here we were immediately known for old countrymen, by the manufacturers who flocked around us, making lamentable complaints of the deceptions practised upon them by false representations of this country,—and saying they would sacrifice every thing to get back to England.

As this distressing scene and recital were extremely discouraging, and evidently affected the spirits of my brother, and much more his man, we hurried away as fast as possible. To find the labouring manufacturers in this miserable situation, was totally unexpected by me. Immediately on leaving this place, we found ourselves in a country mountainous and barren, and the roads not only excessively steep, but terribly rough. In the evening, we called at the farm house of a Dutchman, who told us he was in Susquehanna county last fall, and that it was a poor country, the very sight

of which would frighten us. He described the soil as much inferior to his, which he valued at 60 dollars per acre, and which, I am sure, in England would not be worth half that sum. This was a strange account, after what we had heard from so many quarters and so many respectable persons, and yet we were inclined to believe it: on the other hand, we felt that it was the interest of this man, and such as he, to damp our hopes, because he wished to sell his own land; we therefore determined to proceed, while the servant began to exclaim bitterly against the accounts which brought us here. Travelling forward, it began to rain, and as no house was near, we took refuge in an old, miserable, deserted barn, for the night. Every thing was so extremely damp, that after an hour's fruitless attempt to raise a fire, we were nearly giving it up in despair,—but the wet and chilliness of the night, and our hunger after a laborious day's travel over those tremendous rough roads, compelled us to resume our exertions, and we at length succeeded in raising a flame, the comforts of which, in such a situation, are indescribable. We next had an anxious hunt, in the dark, to find water,—and, after obtaining it, we boiled

our kettle, and frizzled some ham upon a pointed stick : a dirty, miserable repast, you think,—but we thought most luxurious. My brother took the first turn to watch. Our dog was completely wearied out with travelling and barking all night, at every sound, and slept soundly beside myself, John, and the horse. At midnight, some wild animal, which the extreme darkness of the night prevented us seeing, came trotting into the barn, and to our bed-side. The dog lay still, but my brother's call to him alarmed our visitor, and he made his retreat. Sleep broken in this manner, affords little refreshment. Travellers new to the woods, hear every little noise made by the night-birds, and the tinkling of the bells upon the cow's necks on the mountains, by which the herdsmen find their cattle.

The next day, we passed the Dutch settlement at Prakaness, around which the land has been cleared for some time, and free from stumps : a rare sight ! A few miles onward is the village of Pompton, with three or four genteel white houses ; the windows painted pea green. It is situated in a flat, and well watered with small streams, upon which are several beautiful falls. Indeed, in this neighbourhood, we have observed a

remarkable number of falls and eligible mill-seats, more particularly on the river upon which (we were informed) our late queen had extensive iron-works carried on, under the firm of "The English Co." previous to the revolution; whence it has since been called Charlottenburgh. Immense rocks, which rise to the sky, are beautifully hung with timber to the very summit, and though no soil is seen on even some of the flats near, yet fine trees are growing most luxuriantly amongst them,—the greater part perfectly unknown to us at present.

This afternoon, completely drenched with rain, we staid at a tavern newly erected, called Newfoundland. Here we procured a small private room and a good fire, dried our clothes, and got tea very comfortably. Our landlord, a very intelligent man, spent the evening with us, and related several interesting anecdotes of General Washington, with whom he was personally acquainted. I observed, he was always addressed with the title of Squire,—being a magistrate. Bears, deer, and wolves, are very numerous in this neighbourhood, in the fall. Our Squire had eighteen sheep last summer, which are now reduced to seven,—the

rest being lost in the woods or devoured. A barn, not exceeding 60 feet by 30, costs here about 125 dollars; shingles or wood tiles, 15 to 20 dollars per thousand. The whip-poor-will we heard for the first time, at this place, repeating its plaintive notes through the whole night. Our accommodations at this place were very comfortable, and our charge, including hay, one peck of Indian corn, our room, fuel, liquor, one pound of butter, what milk we chose, and tar and tallow for our waggon, $\frac{3}{4}$ of a dollar. I gave our kind host one dollar, which he accepted with reluctance; and, at our setting off, he prepared us a quantity of egg-nog,—a mixture of apple-spirit, eggs, and milk.

Terrible roads still; and the bridges over the small streams nothing more than poles laid across: those over the large ones, of framed timber and covered with 2-inch plank,—which soon wears through, and endangers the horses' legs. White oak, elm, and chesnut, seem to flourish best, though trees of every kind are in abundance, and amongst them the pinxter honeysuckle and *calmia-latifolia*, are elegant ornaments of the woods. The most plentiful living creatures we have seen this way, are snakes and squir-

rels. From Newfoundland to H. Bemer's tavern, a course of twenty miles, we saw but two small villages, (Snufftown and Deckertown,) a few iron-forges, a tan-yard, two or three saw and grist mills. We noticed several fine mill-seats; but the country is so rough and rocky, that few settlers venture to fix on them. Near this town, which is situate at the foot of the Blue Mountains, land cleared sells for 20 dollars per acre; and though rough and stoney, and cultivated in the slovenly manner of the Americans, will produce twenty bushels of wheat, twenty of rye, and forty of Indian corn, on an average. The tree frog, about this place, makes a continued noise in the evening, which may be heard at a great distance. I discovered one of them with great difficulty, notwithstanding their numbers: for they so exactly resemble the bark of the tree, that when you are close by them, (and their shrill voice seems to strike through you,) you must have good eyes to perceive them.

Ascending the mountain the next morning we found it almost inaccessible. The distance to the Delaware was nine miles, and we accomplished it in seven hours. Both the ascent and descent of this stupendous moun-

tain was equally steep and rough. A path just the width of a carriage is cleared of timber, but not one of the craggs of which the road is full, is removed or broken. This mountain, covered with timber and rock-stones of an immense size, and presenting scarcely a vestige of vegetation capable of supporting any living creature, is yet the rendezvous of vast numbers of wild animals, especially deer, fox, wolf, raccoon, wild cat, and panther. At Milford, we crossed the Delaware in a flat, leaving the state of New Jersey for that of Pensylvania—fare $\frac{1}{4}$ dollar. Here we met with a French emigrant, ignorant of the English language, who had arrived four months ago; he had brought with him watches and shoes, the former he sold at 3 dollars, and the latter at 1 dollar per pair, which realized him a profit. I asked him, in his own tongue, if he preferred this country to France. He replied Oh! non! non! non! He spoke with enthusiasm of Napoleon. The road on the Pensylvanian side we found a good deal improved, yet hilly and the land quite as stoney. Here were a few sheep of the mountain breed, quite equal to the soil. Wool worth $\frac{1}{2}$ dollar per lb. for home use.

At the tavern where we staid to night, we found the landlord plowing near his own door, with 2 little mules like asses. His children were almost naked, without shoes or stockings. His wife and self commended it as best for their health, and strongly enforced it by their own example. This discription will apply to the generality of settlers we have yet seen. Sixth month 3rd, we past the Sheholy falls and accidentally met with an old hunter, equiped with his rifle and other necessary accoutrements, for an encounter with buck or bear. He wore a large buckskin leather coat, finely decorated with leather tassels on his shoulders and arms. His rifle lock was neatly covered with the skin of a musk rat to keep it dry. A large belt went over his right shoulder and under his arm, on which was suspended a leathern bag for his bullets, a large horn for his powder, and a case knife curiously hafted by himself with a buck's horn. He told us he had killed last fall upwards of 200 deer, 7 in one day, and that in his time he had encountered and killed more than 1000 bears.

The last house upon this new road (as they call it) was that of an Irishman, just fixing. He readily sold us

a few oats that he had, for our horse, and invited us to partake his dinner of dried venison, which, as a novelty, we did. Beyond this house for 5 miles we found an opening through these wild and dreadful rocky woods. But our horse was so much fatigued that we found it next to impossible to proceed, and should gladly have pitched our tent there for the night, could we have found some mode of escaping the fury of the muquitos, and the dread of the snakes, more numerous there than in any place we had seen. Our horse's ears appeared complete lumps of clotted blood with the bites of the musquitos, and his head was perfectly covered with those maddening tormentors. I walked forward to see if I could discover a friendly hut, and at length heard the music of a woodman's axe. We got our horse and waggon up the hill with much difficulty, for the waggon as well as our boxes, was very much broken and shivered by the rocks and stumps over which we had travelled. The good man found comfortable accomodations for our jaded horse, and gave us some encouragement, by telling us he believed we had past some of the worst road in the United States.

Our man did nothing but complain of the villany of

folks, who could entice people from England into such a country as this. "But (said he) I hope you'll tell the truth about it, and not deceive folks a this fashion." A young man overtook us this evening, who had been with some rye to be ground at a mill 28 miles distant. His waggon light as ours, and a load not half the weight, drawn by two horses abreast, was broken down upon the rocks. He therefore staid all night, to rest and refit; and it was wonderful to see with what facility he supplied his loss, by cutting down a fine young white oak, and shaping it into a new axle.

The woodman informed us, that the dens in these rocks abounded with rattle-snakes. He broke into one the last winter, near his house, and found 38 of these deadly reptiles, all coiled together. Indeed, we saw little else but snakes thereabouts. The hemlock spruce grows there, to a large size, but not equal to the pine,—one of which we measured that evening, which was 128 feet long.

Sixth month, 4th. we crossed the river Lackawackson, which is navigable for lumber, that is, fine timber, chiefly pine, which is fastened together in rafts, and sent down the Delaware to Philadelphia. This

river, though wide, is fordable at the place where we crossed. There is a place or two on its banks, which look comfortable; one with a neat framed house upon it, a good barn, 95 acres of flat land cleared, and a fine thriving orchard of 5 acres: a sort of little Eden in this wilderness. We found the owner, like all besides, was anxious to sell: he told us, that some time ago he was offered for his whole track, of which fourteen hundred acres were not cleared, nine thousand dollars. He now asked six thousand, and finally proffered it at 4,500 dollars,—being but 3 dollars per acre, with all his improvements. He had a decent flock of sheep then in the barn, which his son was shearing as they *stood*; the wool his daughters spin, and afterwards weave into cloth, and make clothes of it for the family. This was by far the cheapest place we had seen; but the roads are too terrible to leave much temptation to purchase. The place we purposed to reach, on setting off in the morning, was Bethany, 15 miles distant; but being overtaken by a most awful thunder-storm, we again took refuge in a barn. The owner was a hunter, and his family presented one more of those dismal spectacles which daily add to the conviction of the miserable poverty of this part of the United States.

The woman and children were particularly real objects of pity, with looks as wild as the wilderness they inhabit, and unsightly as the lizard that crawls into their houses; their hair hangs as naturally as a long unmolested growth will let it, and their stockings and shoes never wear out,—for they are of nature's own providing.

Sixth month, 5th, we hired a horse to assist ours to Bethany,—a considerable village on the borders of the Beech Woods, containing about 3 taverns, 3 stores, and 12 or 14 neat houses. The sugar maple grows here, mostly 60 feet high to the first branches, producing from 6 to 30 gallons of sap each tree, and every 6 gallons 1 lb. of sugar. This has been a bad season. Our horse was so completely exhausted, that on gaining the top of the hill which we had permitted him to walk up, without assisting to draw the waggon, he fell, and was only recovered by great care and exertion. I remained there all night, with the waggon, and my brother and John turned into the woods to hunt.

Sixth month, 6th.—Being 1st day, we concluded to stay and rest at a small tavern not far off, to get our horse out to grass a few days, and to proceed on foot.

Here we also agreed to leave John, till our return.— The bread used all on this track, is rye and Indian corn; we have not tasted wheat since we left New York, more than a week ago. I have associated as much as possible with the settlers, as we have travelled on, and endeavoured to procure a correct account of their situation. So far, I am well convinced, the condition of the poorest English farmer is incomparably better. A man first buys a track, as it is called, that is,—steep, wild, rocky wood-land, at from 2 to 5 dollars per acre, consisting of four or five hundred acres. In the first place, it is a perpetual incumbrance to him: for the policy of the state has so divided it into lots, that not more than 1-5th can be cultivated at all, and yet the whole is rated to the state tax: he is therefore paying continually for what will never benefit him or his posterity. In the next place, he is absolutely in a state of pauperism, with the possession of it. He has most likely a wife and several children, depending solely upon his exertions. His first object is, to clear some land, and sow some Indian corn for his family: this is all he can possibly do the first year. He has no sheep, and consequently no clothing, nor any means of providing it; his rifle can only supply him with the

luxuries of life,—wild cats, racoons, and squirrels: their skins he must exchange for ammunition. But, what are these privations to those of his family? He is free! he can rove when and where he pleases! till an execution for arrears of purchase-money or taxes be brought against him, and his whole farm is sold.—This is the common routine of a settler's fate. Enter a tavern; there you see scores of advertisements of sales of land, to pay taxes. My brother often exclaims vehemently against this country, and declares he would prefer an English workhouse to any part he has seen.

I have persevered in my journey against every discouragement,—and the most trying of all is, the dejection of my companions,—in order to form a full and personal observation. I have seen many gradations in the condition of society; but this week has shewn me more perfect wretchedness than I ever before witnessed. We have travelled upwards of one hundred miles on foot,—lain out exposed to the heavy mists that fall here by night,—and by day walked over the most harrassing road, under a consuming sun, with two meals a-day; but still this would be tolerable,

could we discover any thing like what we heard of America when in England, and of this part of New York. Hitherto, however, all is one scene of savage wilderness, sterility, and abject poverty. At the sight of an emigrant, all flock to proffer their farms; to an American, it is useless. If they are offered goods, they reply they want them, but they have no money. Talk of the times,—they murmur; there is something amiss they cannot account for: one attributes it to the pride of the cities, whose inhabitants can wear nothing but silks, for which they drain the country of specie; another charges it to the banking system,—and a third, to the war. Some are democrats, some are federalists; but all are kings and nobles,—every man a ruler, and yet nothing pleases. Such is the happiness of this country. Here, at least, it is a dream and a phantom; and the further we seek it the further we are behind.

In the afternoon of the next day, we reached Centreville,—a small, neat village, having three taverns and two or three stores. The land, as it lies in grass, seems pretty good; but the rye, the only grain grown there, looks miserably. As we travelled from that place, we saw a number of houses deserted, and grass land unoccupied.—A poor omen!

Sixth month, 7th.—Left the tavern at Tunchannock creek, at four o'clock, and travelled seven miles to breakfast: a few spots cultivated and looking better; but no grain, except rye, to be seen. We want to see good wheat, barley, oats, and Indian corn: Englishmen like good things,—especially good bread. We reached Montrose in the evening: several trades are just started, and about forty houses erected. The site of the town, however, is a very bad one: no river near, and the soil about it extremely poor.

On the 8th, we got to Britannia: the site of this place is better selected, having the advantage of water and a better soil. We found four temporary houses erected, and about sixty half-acre lots marked out for settlers. Here we had an interview with Dr. Rose, the proprietor, and complained to him of the fallacious description given of this settlement in Dr. Johnson's book and by the Emigrant Society, which represented it as possessing fine land, excellent water, and, in short, every advantage. The Dr. wished to persuade us that the statement was true; that a little more observation would convince us of it:—but we had seen too much. We are only like many of our deluded

countrymen,—the dupes of unprincipled speculators,—but happily we are not like too many, obliged to remain so. We therefore determined to return immediately; and after travelling all day through the different tracks, and observing a few miserable half crops of rye, we sat down, completely fatigued, at a small tavern. After a supper of tea and salt pork, we retired. We calculated upon having walked upwards of thirty miles that day, and therefore were not in a disposition to quarrel with homely accommodations.—My brother was soon in bed; but, preparing to follow him, I observed more company than I chose to lie down with: in fact, such were the swarms of bugs in the bed, on the walls, and in every part of the room, that, weary as we were, we lost no time in quitting our quarters. Our dispatch, however, was not sufficient to prevent us carrying away in our clothes a populous colony of those social vermin. Our feet were so sore with walking over the rough stones and burning ground, that we could scarcely bear to touch it. There was no other tavern nearer than Montrose, (9 miles;) but we did not feel disposed to adopt the plan of an English traveller, who said, that if he could not sleep the first night in an American tavern, he always could the

second : for the whole night's exercise of fighting those troopers, prepared him for a second night's sleep, that nothing could disturb :—we therefore paid our bill and decamped at ten o'clock. We walked till near 2 o'clock, during which time I actually slept a good deal, and had it not been for the swarms of toads and lizards, crawling in every direction, I should certainly have lain in the road. Two miles from Montrose, we found a broken-down waggon, into which we crept and slept deliciously till four o'clock,—when we awoke very chilly. Heavy, cold dews invariably succeed hot days here. At six o'clock we reached Montrose, (as you will imagine,) in a miserable condition.

At the last-mentioned tavern, we met with a B. from New Radford, whose mother and sisters are milliners there. He had bought 60 acres of land, which he was beginning to clear. He came to this country with B. of Calverton, whose mortification and repentance, he described in melancholy colours. His wife (as he calls her) vents the acrimony of her rage and disappointment on him plentifully. I should like cousin M. to know this. Here we met with G. Lovel, who missed us at setting out from New York. We found him highly

exasperated and out of humour, at being so sadly duped. He had been into the western country and back on foot; and it is very amusing to hear him calculate his expenses, so as to save half a dollar in two or three weeks' travelling. His knapsack, together with many of our own things, had been jolted out of our waggon, or stolen. Here too was a person from Nottingham, with a family, who had travelled from Philadelphia, at the expense of 100 dollars, and were anxiously wishing to return, but unable! A friend purchased a track here, in the winter; returned to Philadelphia, to buy 2 yoke of oxen and implements, with grain and potatoes for his family,—brought his family with him—sowed his grain—set a quantity of potatoes—paid his deposit—staid one month, sacrificed all, and left yesterday morning for Philadelphia again. This man was considered an excellent farmer. These are a few instances, out of great numbers, of the dupes of interested speculators, who have been lured by splendored discriptions, to this settlement, to suffer incredible hardships, to see themselves not only mocked in their expectations, but robbed of their little property, and many of them left without a possibility of escaping out of this devouring wilderness, or of rendering it subservient to the first

demands of nature. Here we are then, in a fine land of promise to be sure! but remember, by the time you read this, we shall, I hope, have regained the more enviable eastern shores, and perhaps penetrated into some other part of this vast continent. I have no time to make any comments. If you are disappointed in reading this, you must, as we do, hope for better tidings.

LETTER III.

New York, 6th mo. 14th, 1819.

THE pitiful plight and howling wilderness in which my last communication to you left us, will rouse all your anxiety for an early supplement to it. My place of date will at once tell you, that I was, at the writing of this, in better quarters. I am preparing to set off for Philadelphia, and shall occupy the only leisure time I have in giving you the remaining recital of our melancholy expedition. We returned from Montrose to the Newburgh turnpike on the 9th, and on the

10th we accompanied M'Carthy, a surveyer, and a friendly old man, to view some land which he had discovered, and imagined very suitable for a settlement. We followed the course of a river or large creek, for some miles, by which the land appeared of a better quality. As there was no track, our progress was very slow, and reaching one of their lines by ten o'clock, they afterwards cut their way by the compass, marking the trees as they went along. The day was exceedingly hot, and being anxious to escape the oppressive sultriness of the woods, I followed the course of a stream, which I was told, issued from a lake, the place of our destination. My progress, however, was soon impeded by a wide morass, and the numerous traces of bears, and the approach of evening, gave me considerable anxiety to regain our company. Besides the danger of passing the night there, without fire and without arms, the chances of regaining the track we had made through the woods, was extremely uncertain. To attempt to find your way in these immense and gloomy forests without a compass, is equally hopeless, as that of navigating the wide ocean without it. The sound of a gun at a distance, revived my spirits, supposing it some of my party who had shot something. I shouted, the shout

was returned; I repeated it, it was repeated still nearer, till a wild man or hunter issued from the wood, imagining it the alarm of some one engaged with a bear. When he found his mistake, he appeared evidently chagrined, and in spite of my intreaties, and offers of reward to shew me the lake, he replied it was too late to go and return, and hurried into the woods again. Fortunately, my party perceiving my error, had sent a man after me, who coming up directed me to them, to my great satisfaction. It was quite evening when we reached the lake. Expecting to return the same day, we had neglected to take provisions except a little bread, and found ourselves without refreshment or place to lodge in. My brother however raised a fire from the pan of his gun. An old canoe lay on the shore, we scooped the water out with a piece of bark, and lunched it upon the still, deep lake, embosomed in the profound and shadowy silence of woods that flourish upon its banks, and dip their dark foliage in its waters. We had the success to catch some small fish, which we broiled on the fire, and made an hearty meal. For a bed, we cut down branches of hemlock spruce, in which we soon found that we had the company of two snakes, a garter, and one of a larger kind. These, of course,

we dispatched. As we lay round our fire, M'Carthy, ever at home, entertained us with a variety of anecdotes, amongst which was the history of his grandfather, who had been sent by his father from Ireland, when a boy, to his uncle in England. He had always a great fear of his uncle, and on one occasion, dreading his presence, he ran away and engaged with a captain at Liverpool, whom he knew, to carry him to Ireland. The wretch, instead of that, brought him to this country and sold him as a slave; here he worked with his master till twenty-one years of age, he was then at liberty, but possessed no means of returning to his native country. In a while he married, and a family bound him to the soil. Time past, though he felt anxious to hear of his parents, or to give them information of his existence, a variety of circumstances prevented it, till he lost all hopes of his parents being alive, and no tidings ever crossed the Atlantic from him to his friends, or his friends to him.

It is the custom of the surveyors in these wilds, to hang their provisions aloft to the bough of a tree, beyond the reach of bears or other wild animals, that might be attracted by them. But one night, the old man wanting a pillow, as they lay out in the woods

placed his budget under his head : about midnight, he was awoke by somebody as he thought pulling it away ; half awake, he lay and felt something pull and drag at it, when lifting up his head, he found his nose nearly in contact with that of a monstrous bear. Bruin, disconcerted, eyed him for a moment, and turning round began his retreat very sedately ; when M'Carthy called out " Hey man ! Where are you going ? as you have been so mighty civil, you shall even go shares " He then threw him a piece of bread, which he snatched up as he went, and podded off into the thicket.

In the night, we were awoke by some small animal running over us, and making a great noise in the leaves. The air was excessively damp and chill, and the wind having changed, had driven the smoke from us, so that the musquitos were intolerable. In the morning we had recourse again to the lake for our breakfasts, which gave us a bad head-ache the whole the day, not being quite sufficiently initiated into that style of living. The land about the lake, is superior to that of Rose's settlement, and more free from stones. In the evening, we regained M'Carthy's tavern. The air was literally filled and illuminated with immense quantities

of the fire fly. My face was covered with lumps as large as nuts, where the musquitos had bitten the last night, and my hands as swelled and stiff, as if stung with so many wasps.

Sixth month, 12th.—Several people came early in the morning, to offer us their farms; but we wanted no farms there. We reached Centreville that day, and the next morning went to the tavern where we left our man and horse: both of them had recovered much of their strength and spirits. Here I left my brother, who intended taking the route to Albany. At Forbe's tavern, 13 miles from this, where I staid to lodge, I had a very short sleep: for, retiring at eleven o'clock, at one we were called up by a constable, in quest of a thief, who actually proved to be in our respectable company, with 100 dollars on his person, which he had made free with: at three, I set forward by the stage for Newburgh. In the valley below Mamacaton, we passed three men from Duffield, in Derbyshire, travelling to the western country, with their baggage in a waggon: they, with their wives and children, were set (gipsey-like) on the grass, as we past, with the gipsey poles, and gipsey kettle on the fire, preparing

for dinner. It is astonishing, to see what privations a man will sit down with in this country, to what he will in England. Picture to yourself, a man in a sod house, on an English common, his wife and children bare-foot and bare-legged; you pity them from your soul! The condition of that family is ten-fold better than that of thousands here, who once dreamed they were travelling to a land flowing with milk and honey. There they can procure wages, though scanty,—and enjoy, in their estimation, some comforts; but here, they have nothing to buy comforts with: they sit down in a savage wilderness. Years pass over them before the land round the hut is cleared for cultivation. A garden would be a glorious resource for them; but the present stimulus of hunger, generally sends the man through the woods after a wild cat, or a racoon. The day, nay week or fortnight, is often spent: no labourer, meanwhile, is cultivating his soil,—and what is done must be the product of half-satisfied hunger and exhausted strength. The English cottager, or hoveller, is generally cleaned and better dressed on a sabbath. Here all days are alike: there is no remission of fruitless labour,—there is no sweet day of rest and

reflection, in which the mind can look (at leisure) back, in gratitude, and forward, even in the gloomiest period, with the joyous hope of a better world; without, all is a dismal wilderness,—and within, all is hastening to assimilate in character. Morris Birkbeck, in his *Romantic Descriptions of American Backwoods*, assumes a sort of triumph in the idea, “that a parent must open there a new career of improvement and advantage for his children, in a Society whose institutions are favourable to virtue.” How far will this apply to the great body of *poor* emigrants, and indeed to those of some capital, to whom the same disabilities will attach, in some degree, in similar situations? All who sit down in the back woods will, for a long period, be influenced by the same circumstances, and by the predominant character of the settlement in which they reside.

Where are the advantages of an English sabbath? Where is the opportunity of giving their children a cheap and pious education? Where do they find themselves the able instructor, to unfold to them the mysteries of godliness,—to expand their minds, elevate their views, and gladden their hearts with the rehearsal

of the Creator's goodness and the proud prospects of futurity? Where do they find consonant minds, with whom they can converse and reflect upon these things? Where do they meet with the sympathizing members of a multiplicity of societies, labouring to diffuse light, comfort and consolation through the dwellings of the poor? The demoralizing tendency of this mode of life, must be obvious.

It may be said, that ample provision is made for education, by the government. Such provision is made, and doubtless it will be productive of as much future good, as it is wise; but it cannot reach the scattered population of a wilderness, all at once, or if it could, it would find the most formidable obstacles to its exertion.

Every moment, of every day, the mind, the ingenuity, the exertion, of the settler, are on the stretch, merely to procure just enough to support existence. To furnish his house with necessaries, to clothe his family, is impossible! He cannot sell corn which he hath not; or if he have, he must carry it to market at an expense of time and toil indescribable, and barter it away for an insignificant return. His mind is thus

kept upon the tension of imperious necessity; his heart becomes habituated to no motive but that of interest: every nobler, better, more social or exalted principle withers before it.

What is his society? Cold-blooded speculators, watching for the simple and unwary to exchange with them a portion of the desert for their hard-earned specie,—or men actuated and acted upon by motives and causes similar to his own: spending youth, health, strength, and property, for no return but a bare existence in a desert,—the tomb of virtue and of knowledge,—the abode of friendless, self-exiled, miserable, and discontented beings,—who, having broken the bonds of country, of fellowship and affection, can have little sympathy with the horde of discordant strangers amongst whom they now live: men possessed of no refinement of manners, or philosophy of mind, to temper the enthusiasm of liberty,—which, therefore, degenerates into brutal ferocity; impatient of controul, furious at contradiction,—under the name of freedom, abandoning all decent and virtuous restraint; irritated by disappointments, and instigated by poverty, to render each other rancorous and suspicious.

In such circumstances, and in such society, surrounded by pernicious example, hemmed in by necessity, and without a hope of extricating themselves, the morals of the most confirmed must relax, the energies of the most spirited must sink into despair, and leave behind that loathsome picture of indolence, filth, and poverty, which so remarkably characterizes these settlers.

What barriers are raised to oppose these consequences? What societies arise to ameliorate the condition, to moralize the minds, of these people? None! Such machinery cannot exist in a wilderness. The retrograde motion of society, in such circumstances, must be rapid. The children of those who left Europe with some traces of knowledge and refinement, must stand a striking gradation nearer to the savage. I shall not soon forget the remark of a lady, on a character before mentioned: "He seems himself (said she) to have gone back from Christianity to deism; and now he appears to be leading his children from civilization to barbarism." These things, at least, claim the serious reflection of Englishmen, before they commence the march of emigration; and it ought to be remembered,

—the scenes here described, are not found in the farthest woods, but in the settlements of the old populated states.

On our approach to Orange County, the land assumed a better aspect, more generally cultivated, and the orchards, which are the greatest pride of the Americans, appeared to have been planted upwards of twenty years, and looked beautiful. There was also a few nut and peach orchards. By nut, I do not mean the hazelnut, of which I have yet not seen one; but the butternut, black and white walnut, shalbark, hickory, &c. We passed through Montgomery, a large village, on a considerable river, and apparently well situate for trade. Two or three cotton factories set on foot here, during the late war, were now set down as ruinous concerns. In the stage we had here, an addition to our company, of several lawyers and doctors, who entered into politics and the causes of national distress. All were unanimous as to the reality of its existence, and all at variance in their notions of its causes. An honest Dutchman stated, that his grandfather and father had rendered important services, paid taxes to the state, and supported government from the first assertion of its independence,

and he *guessed* that it was not right that a foreigner, after living a few years in the country, should represent them in congress.—No wonder at distress, whilst so governed. Another *guessed*, government would assist the sinking manufactories by a heavier import duty. Another, that it was the Federals, who were leagued with Great Britain, and thus plunged both into difficulties. Britain would have been a republic 3 years ago, had not the United States supported her, by taking her manufactories. The constant appeal was to me, “Well friend, you are an old country-man, what do you think of these matters?” I did not tell them, that kings and nobles as they are, how short-sighted they were. I did not tell them what would have rendered them again all unanimous, that their country was doing business on the strength of British capital, that their revenues were dependent upon the profit of her manufacturers. That instead of examining both sides of the question impartially, they looked blindly, and confounded effects and their causes together. But such is the pride of Americans, all things originate with them; prosperity or distress, wherever it is found, flow from the influence of their all-potent country. The same conceit,

which teaches a Chinese to make a map of the world, by delineating their country at large, and sketching a few outlines for a few of the rest, causes the American to give his the same portion on the political chart. They never cast a glance on the advantages they derive from other countries. They never look at India, sending them silk handkerchiefs at 2s sterling 8 oz. each; at France sending watches at 2 dollars each, and other articles of exquisite workmanship, proportionably. They think not of the cause, which has exhausted Italy, Switzerland, Germany, and in short all Europe. The philanthropist however, a citizean of the world, a brother in the great human family, unbiassed by national interest, unblended by national pride, recognizes the cause in a moment, and weeps at the prospect. He knows that it is war; deadly, insatiate, demoralizing, destructive war,—carrying fire, famine, and crime from nation to nation,—blasting the bosom of creation, disorganizing society, and leaving behind not merely the wounds of the infatuated warrior, the scattered relicts of fathers, husbands, and brothers, the tears of the widow, and the cry of orphan infancy, but a gangrene in society, a palsy in commerce, which hence-

forth diffuse for years, wherever their operations extend, nothing but pollution, poverty, and suffering.

We reached Newburgh about *sun down*, as the American phrase it, and got on board the steam packet, at 12 o'clock, for New York. Here I got about five hours good rest on a bed. This boat is about 160 feet long, with 3 cabins most superbly fitted up, for 200 passengers : one for females, one for the men, and the other for the women's dining and sleeping rooms. No hotel has better conveniences, or apartments more elegant. The fare for 70 miles, $3\frac{1}{2}$ dollars, breakfast included. To this 160 passengers sat down, without exception, excelling any thing I have seen in this country for elegance and profusion. Fish and flesh in great variety, was served up, with tea and coffee, with the utmost order and freedom from bustle ; it strongly reminded me of setting down to dinner with friends at the general meeting at Ackworth school. The Hudson or North River, is a noble river, and as smooth and level as a lake. The east scenery slopes from a considerable distance down to its margin, and mostly cultivated, tho' the soil is weak and poor. On the west, high and perpendicular rocks skirt the water, crowned with

small timber, presenting an air of bold and inspiring grandeur. We arrived at New York at 10 o'clock A. M. having sailed $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour.

I have now finished one journey, in quest of a settlement affording the advantages which the Reports of this Country in England promised: the particulars of that journey I have chosen to relate simply, rather than to indulge in general remarks. It will be obvious to you, that the first period of such an undertaking is the period of attentive examination; the last alone is the proper time for forming conclusions. The journey is now made, and you may judge for yourselves. It ought to be remembered, that this settlement was recommended to our attention, as preferring the most solid claims. A Society, styling itself "The British Emigrant Society," was founded with the avowed object of directing the enquiries of emigrants into the best channel. By the recommendation of those gentlemen and by others of apparent respectability, we were induced to select it: a book was also put into our hands, written by a Dr. Johnson, describing it as "fast settling, healthy, well watered, and finely situated for market. The soil of excellent quality, favourable

for all sorts of grain, and particularly productive of grass, promising to be one of the finest grazing countries in the Union. Water abundant, lively and clear. Excellent roads, schools, and society."

This was the expectation with which we set out:—this was the dreadful wilderness into which we went! This land of excellent quality, was the tremendous track of crags and stones, never touched with a tool since the creation. This land of all sorts of grain,—where grew nothing but a little miserable rye. This fine grazing country,—was the horrid chaos of barren mountains, where scarce a blade of vegetation could be seen for scores of miles; but stones, huge, ponderous, splintering stones,—lying in one wide, melancholy prospect, as if showered upon it by some inexhaustible volcano. Every step heightened our astonishment at the heartless villany and daring, pitiless avarice of mercenary wretches, who could thus array the most dreadful scene in all the attributes of an arcadia, in order to prey upon the last few cents of miserable people, who had left behind friends and country, and every hope but that of purchasing, at the price of every thing dear to man, an asylum from the terrors of ab-

solute starvation. Never shall I forget the scenes of misery I beheld there ! The poor, desolate, forlorn situation of families, once comfortably supported : the despairing looks of those who knew the horrors and the hopelessness of their fate ; the tears and sobs of women, at the moment of discovering their woeful deception,—the sterner rage of their husbands, and the sneering exclamations of the older settlers, at the arrival of new adventurers, demon-like, welcomes to the world of the unhappy,—are too deeply impressed upon my fancy to permit my indignation, at the authors of such wretchedness, quickly to expire.

The fatigues and hardships attendant upon that journey, were nothing to the pain of beholding so many of my countrymen the victims of such ruthless, villany. The only satisfaction it was possible to feel was, in the consoling idea, that I possessed the power to return, and was not compelled to add one more to the wretched beings whom Drs. Rose and Johnson had drawn into the desert. Since my return to this place, I have discovered that Rose was nearly ruined by the purchase of this barren track, and in daily expectation of an execution, by which the whole would

have been offered for sale,—when Johnson, a poor, pennyless adventurer, offered his assistance. He told Rose that he had no money; but that if he would give him a track of land, he would engage to procure him plenty of settlers. The bargain was made; a few interested individuals were collected, who formed themselves in a company, for the ostensible purpose of directing emigrants to the best situations. Johnson's book was made and published, purchasers attracted, and the consequences above related produced.

This, I imagine, is the usual process of such speculations; and such it will doubtless continue, whenever the spirit of emigration affords a chance of success.—Emigrants cannot be too cautious in procuring information from authentic and disinterested sources; and yet, what these sources are, is almost impossible to tell. It is great odds whether any body knows any thing of the place you enquire after, from personal knowledge, but the speculators themselves. The inhabitants of the eastern cities know as little of the interior as you do. We were recommended to this settlement by friends whose integrity we cannot doubt; they, like many others, took up the common report,

so sedulously diffused by the interested ; and such is the general nature of information, in such cases. I know of no plan so likely to prevent emigrants stepping into an error, that may enslave them and their posterity for ever, except that of visiting the place first, unincumbered with family or baggage.

There is another circumstance which ought to be stated. I was advised to exchange my specie for New York notes, at the bankers who were giving $3\frac{1}{2}$ premium. At my return, I found that Jacob Barker, whose notes they were, had availed himself of the act of congress, allowing a suspension of cash payment for eight months, at the pleasure of the banker ; and, to use an American phrase, I was pretty closely shaved, that is, obliged to give a discount of 20 per cent. The county bank notes too, which I had necessarily received in change on my journey, were there only payable, at a still greater loss. This is a circumstance which requires the particular circumspection of American travellers.

Thus, I have given you a full, true, and particular account of our first expedition ; and a melancholy one it is ! I really hope that it is the worst account we

shall have to give you, and that we may find that we have seen the very Arabia Petrae of this continent.—A little time will now acquaint us with the state of the eastern old-established cities; and you may depend upon our forwarding our letters to you with the same earnestness that we expect yours.

LETTER IV.

Philadelphia, 7th mo. 7th, 1819.

THE date of this will convince you that I am willing to omit no opportunity of writing, however frequent. I have been in this city and neighbourhood almost the whole time since my last. My brother is returned to-day from his excursion in New York State, having travelled upwards of 300 miles on foot, without seeing any spot which he could approve as a settlement for himself and friends.

I shall now continue my narrative, in a hasty manner, to the present moment. I left New York for

this place the 16th of last month, in the mail stage,—fare 4 dollars, distance 100 miles. These stages differ widely from those of England. They carry no outside passengers: all sit under a cover, from which are leathern curtains, to let down in winter, but in summer are rolled and strapped up, admitting the air on all sides, but excluding the sun and wet: they carry 12 passengers, sitting on forms across the vehicle. We travelled but 38 miles that day, passing thro' Newark, about 9 miles from New York, an elegant town, containing about 6,000 inhabitants,—chiefly rich. Plain fields, a large flat, principally the property of friends, whose agriculture does them great credit. We staid the night at Somerville. Forty miles farther, we dined the next day, where I met with a son of the late Walter Mifflin, whose emancipation of his slaves is so affectingly described by Brissot. This son is a man of great wealth, but deprived, by a mysterious providence, of the noblest gem,—unclouded reason. At 5 o'clock P. M. we reached this city. The land, thro' the whole line, appears weak and poor, but considerably improving as we approach this city, near which we observed some good wheat and Indian corn,

2 feet high. At Plainfields, land is worth 100 dollars per acre,—in this neighbourhood, from 150 to 200 dollars; about half the price it bore some time ago.—The charges at the hotels, on this road, may be considered high.

I applied at the boarding house, 74, Walnut-street, as directed by E. H. and find it a very comfortable place. Our mother (as she and the ladies of her profession are universally called) is an agreeable lady, nearly 70, and partial to English travellers. The thermometer stood, the day of my arrival, in the shade, at 80.°

Sixth month, 19th.—In the morning, I went thro' the market, which is held in a shed, extending a mile along the centre of Market-street, open on all sides to admit the air, while it is a shelter from the weather.

On the 21st, I visited the museum—Amongst the subjects of natural history, the most important, and indeed one of the greatest natural curiosities in the world, is a complete skeleton of the mammoth. It measures 18 feet in length and 11 in height; and it is said that 13 men dined together in it at the last anniversary of the

independence. The quadrupeds are by no means well preserved, except in one or two instances. The wolf devouring a lamb is, perhaps, the best executed. The collection of birds, principally indigenous to this continent, is large, various, and well managed. The lovers of entomology would be highly gratified with the large and beautiful collection of insects; but that of reptiles is woefully deficient: a circumstance the more extraordinary, when we consider the ease with which they may be procured:—but, perhaps, Americans are not anxious to place, very prominently, before strangers, the horrid army of those creatures with which their country is infested. The wax-work figures of the Indians appear very old, and are wretched performances. Their dresses are shabby, and their weapons of war [bows, arrows, axes, spears, tom-a-hawks, and clubs] very inferior to those of New York. A well-executed specimen of the figures, costumes, and martial equipage of these people, would probably become, in a short time, an object of uncommon interest to the curious: but it might not alone remain an object of that interest to the philosopher;—it would stand a monument of national odium: for, if the present system of oppression

and extermination continue,—these people, who are fast delining and contracting their boundaries,—will shortly be known only in the record of Christian violence, towards those whom they please to term savages, and the knowledge of their personal appearance, their arts and ingenuity, be derived only from these repositories of a nation whom they hospitably received, and by whom they have been repaid by bloody injustice, war, and expulsion from the land of their ancestors.

The mineral department, compared with European cabinets, is small, but extremely interesting to a stranger, as affording a proof of the subterraneous wealth of this continent, whose surface is yet scarcely broken by the miner, but its riches are reserved for the resource and aggrandisement of future generations. Besides these, are Chinese productions, coins, and Indian manufactories of the different tribes. The portraits, exhibited by Peele, the proprietor and painter, are numerous and estimated, by the standard of the American school, very decent. Amongst those of numerous celebrated and demi-celebrated men, I was much surprised at not seeing one of the great and immortal founder of this city and state.

Sixth month, 22nd.—I dined with my friends J. Midgeley and R. Gallon, from England, at the Washington hotel, whence R. G. and myself went to see the spot where William Penn made his treaty with the Indians. The large elm tree, under which that treaty was ratified, was blown down some years ago; the stump and root are now taken up, and in the possession of the proprietor of the house in which W. P. is said to have resided. With the true spirit of devotees, we requested and obtained permission to take some small pieces of it: relics of intrinsic value, though destitute of miraculous power, because memorials of an action, that must stand an eternal testimony against all the casuistry of the advocates of war; proving beyond irrefragible demonstration, that men, however politicians may characterize them, as vengeful, lawless, and perfidious, may by conciliation and sincerity, be compelled to bow to the benign power of Christianity, and its yoke of peace. A memorial, to use the language of Voltaire, a writer whom no one will accuse of a blind partiality for christianity, “of the only treaty made with them, without an oath, and the only one which was never broken.” A branch, set at the time the tree was blown down, is

growing finely, and promises to become as large as its parent.

Sixth month, 24th.—Visited the Pensylvania general hospital, in company with E. Wilson and several other English merchants. The painting of Christ healing the sick, by West, presented by him to this institution, is exhibited for its benefit, at $\frac{1}{4}$ dollar each. The fellow to it, I believe, he sold to our venerable King, for £3000. The numbers who daily visit this exquisite performance of the father of the American school, render the value of the donation extreme; and while I contemplated it with mingled feelings of admiration and awe, I could not help reflecting how incalculable are the blessings which providence enables genius, in every department, to confer on its country and on mankind. This is an extensive institution; the buildings of which, are modern and well finished. A garden, 50 yards wide from the street, places it at a distance, which allows passengers to contemplate it to great advantage. The garden is well stocked with exotic trees and shrubs. The orange and lemon were hung with fine fruit, and the whole kept in the neatest order. In the centre of the garden, a bronze statue,

larger than life, of William Penn, is placed on a tablet of white marble, bearing on the pannels the following inscriptions; front, south, "William Penn, born 1644, died 1718," in the centre of this pannel are the family arms, with the motto "Mercy and Justice." East side, "Pensylvania granted by Charles II, to William Penn, 1681" North, "The proprietary arrived 1684, made a just and amicable arranegment with the natives for the purchase of their lands, and went back to England in 1688." East, "Returned to Pensylvania 1699, and finally withdrew to his paternal estates, 1701." In his hand he bears a scroll thus inccribed, Charter of Privileges to Pensylvania, MDCC. Almighty God being the only Lord of conscience, I do grant and declare, that no person who shall acknowledge one Almighty God, and profess himself obliged to live quietly under the civil government, shall be in any case molested or."

Our friend E. Wilson, being a liberal subscriber, we had a fine opportunity of surveying every part of this noble building. In professional skill, in the cleanness of the appartments, and the order of the establishment, perhaps it is not inferior to any in England. The

kitchen garden and green-houses are the best I have seen in this country.

The more I see of this city, and the more I admire it. Many of the new houses are very elegant and substantial, though none of an uniform height, through the length of a street. The steps at the doors are of white marble, and particularly the new ones, have an air of beauty and coolness very delightful. A few of the square sections into which the city is divided, on the founder's plan, are not yet built upon; but perhaps their effect, covered with fine shady timber, the Button wood, Weeping willow, and Lombardy poplar, in the middle of a city with a population of 120,000, is more charming than that of the proudest fabrics which could be erected upon them.

Many of the laws of William Penn are still in force, and held in great veneration. But perhaps none so strikingly mark their origin as that of marriage. This act is performed in this state, before the civil magistrate. It is required by law, that 12 days previous public notice shall be given by the parties entering into that contract. A certificate is produced and signed by witnesses, in the presence of an alderman in the man-

of friends before our meeting. J. Smith, of this city, shewed me one of these certificates, on parchment, which I found ran in nearly the same words, as those in the early use of our society. It would appear however that provisions against clandestine marriages are not made with so much caution and effect, as amongst friends. The decree of publicity is not sufficiently defined, or the medium of that publicity rendered sufficiently secure. It is no uncommon thing, I am told, for a young fellow to take his friend with him and stick his public notice upon a post, and as soon as his friend has read it, tear it off again. At the time of the marriage, should any adverse party appear, and object the omission of publication, his friend is ready to depose that he read it, at such a time, on a public post, and the ceremony proceeds.

Sixth month 26th.—I went up the Delaware to Burlington, to view a cloth factory, about 2 miles from that place, and to see our friend P. S. at Samuel Emlen's. This kind of manufactory has always been represented to me by the Americans, as the most profitable, therefore the more likely to endure foreign competition. The machinery exceeded my expecta-

tion, but both it and the rooms were in a wretched dirty state. The cloth was not equal to what the machinery apparently could produce. The men complained of wages; and I found this most profitable concern, was on the eve of being set down. Several cotton manufactories have been offered to sale lately, some of which have sold for one-third of the original cost. I was assured by one gentleman that he embarked, during the late war, a capital of fifty thousand dollars, in cotton spinning, every cent of which he had lost. In the western country, a factory which cost, 170,000 dollars, I can authentically state, has been sold, with all its machinery, for 20,000 dollars. Those who still continue concerns of this description, it is well known, are doing it from the hope of legislative assistance. Such is the present prospect of manufactories in this country. Burlington is altogether a beautiful situation, 20 miles from Philadelphia; it was originally pitched upon by William Penn, for the site of Philadelphia, but afterwards abandoned for the present more eligible one. The houses on the banks of the Delaware, which is here a mile wide, painted white, with pea-green shutters, and in the front growing the Weeping willow and Lombardy poplar, with a luxu-

riance astonishing to a European, have a romantically beautiful appearance.

Sixth month, 29th.—Excessively hot, the thermometer standing in the shade 95° , in the sun 150° . In the afternoon, wishing to visit Lemon-hill, the seat of J. Pratt, Esq. about 2 miles from the city, E. Wilson kindly insisted upon us taking his carriage, to avoid the oppressive heat. The gardens of this gentleman are finely situated, and laid out with superior taste. The assemblage of plants, of all kinds and countries, is rendered particularly grateful to the eye, by every advantage of arrangement and exquisite neatness. They include, in a small space, by an artful disposition of walks and waters, sun and shade, the elegance of the greenhouse and ornamental statuary, a little paradise. It is one of the grand resorts of fashionable company in summer. These obtain admission by a ticket from the proprietor, or his select friends, none without, and yet they are mostly crowded in fine weather. In our return, we viewed the new water-works, on the Schuylkill, by which the whole city is supplied. The water is raised from the river, by an engine of 100 horse power, into a large reservoir upon a hill, about 2 miles

distant, 100 feet above the surface of the water. From this hill, we had a fine view of 2 permanent wood bridges, erected over this river, one with 3 arches, and the other of a single span. The latter is an extraordinary piece of workmanship. The chord of the arch 34 feet long: the full length of the sweep 400 feet, being 98 feet longer than that of any other bridge in the world. These bridges are widely distinct in their appearance and construction, from any thing I have seen in Europe. The piers are of stone, and from these spring arches of wood, whence a floor is suspended by joists framed into every part of the sweep of the arch, and intersecting each other in a variety of directions. The floor therefore rests alone on the butments at the spring of the arches, and the space between each arch is supported by this framing, depending from the crown of each arch. Thus the passengers pass not over the back of the arches, as in common (for the arches do not extend from side to side, but merely stand as ribs on each hand) yet the pressure is equally borne by the arches, as if that were the case. The edges are boarded on both sides, and "*once in a while*," to use an American phrase, is left a peep-hole to see the water. Over all is thrown a roof, and thus

protected from the weather above, and the water beneath, they derive the name of permanent bridges.

Seventh month, 4th. Being 1st day, I walked to Merion meeting, 8 miles. This meeting is a considerable one. The horses of friends were tied under the trees, which are principally button-wood, and afford a fine shelter. Those with carriages were tied in sheds erected for that purpose, I counted 25 carriages. The friends here spoke very highly of R. Sutcliff. After dining with R. Ecroyd, I returned in the evening by way of the Schuylkill falls, where are, a nail, wire, and other mills. The falls themselves are very inconsiderable, but the surrounding scenery is highly romantic and picturesque. Along the road, from this place to Philadelphia, are scattered a great number of handsome houses and pleasure grounds. The cultivated aspect of the country, the fineness of the situation, and the commanding size and richness of the timber, convey to the mind an idea of so much vigour in the soil, and wealth and refinement in the inhabitants of this smiling scene, that it is no wonder that strangers are captivated with its appearance, and readily induced to persuade themselves, that they are arrived in the

native land of loveliness and enjoyment. The black cherry and raspberry were ripe, and hung in spontaneous abundance in the woods. The fine, clear vault of heaven, unspotted with a cloud, the stillness of the air, the coolness and serenity of the evening, and the last notes of birds, to me novel and unknown, made my walk peculiarly pleasing, and disposed the mind to a calm, passive enjoyment of natural beauty, and a serious cast of thought, that in their combination constitutes some of our happiest moments.

Seventh month, 5th.—The 44th anniversary of American Independence occurred on the 4th, but that being 1st day, its celebration was postponed till the 5th. This great event was marked as usual, by a cessation of all business, except amongst friends; the parading of the militia in full uniform, firing, maneuvering, dinner-parties, balls, and all the usual modes of demonstrating exultation on such occasions. In the evening the citizens diversified their amusement, and renewed the acumen of pleasure, blunted by so much feasting and display, by the refined and moral relief of making the lowest Irish porters and negroes drunk and setting them to fight. I could not but tacitly acknowledge

whence the spirit of that diversion was derived, whilst I lamented that the worst features of the people where it sprung should be retained, and that too with a sensible gust, by those fathers of the new world. Before I leave Philadelphia, let me add, that I have lost a great deal of sleep in it, by the almost nightly alarms from fire, this arises from the old houses being built of timber, and such is the terrible uproar made by the fire-men and boys, dragging their patent hose or fire engine along the pavement, and their unceasing yell of fire, that no sleep can resist it but the sleep of death.

For the present adieu.—I am in daily expectation of letters from you; the arrival of which I hope to assure you of soon.

LETTER V.

New York, 7th Month, 18th, 1819.

AFTER a long delay and much rambling through these eastern cities, I am preparing to visit the New England states, and to proceed thence to gratify my curiosity at Niagara, and thence to the Illinois. Since my last which is now on the great waters, I have visited Baltimore, Washington, and Alexandria, and shall now give you a sort of familiar gossip on that subject, in my usual manner. I left Philadelphia 7th month, 8th sailed in a steam boat down to Newcastle, 40 miles. The fare including stage to French town 18 miles further, 3 dollars. The land near Newcastle is flat, the

soil a sandy loam,—some fine crops of Indian corn;—wheat, and oats were got, and carried into small round ricks of about 3 English waggon loads, but very slovenly. On the whole it offered a tolerable specimen of American farming. The fences along the road are of what is here called black-thorn, thickly covered with spines, from 3 to 4 inches long. It however, strongly reminded me of the aspect of English inclosures, the Americans universally using a zig-zag fence of rails.

Proceeding towards French-Town, the land grows continually worse. The Indian corn weak and bad, the oats miserable, not returning seed. No grasses except artificial ones, and even the timothy, which in some parts of the United States stands like a crop of reeds, is here very light. Live stock of course thinly seen, and that very indifferent. Between the Delaware and the Elk. I observed abundance of wild vines and American creeper hanging on the black-thorn and sassafrass. From French-Town to Baltimore, 70 miles.

· Seventh month, 9th.—Reached Baltimore about 2 o'clock in the morning. I was extremely struck with its resemblance to an English town. Its brick houses

the colour of the bricks, and the style of the buildings, all tend to generate that idea. But there was one thing that would not permit an Englishman to dream himself at home, the presence of slaves. No! England with all the curses and stains which Americans, and especially Baltimoreans charge upon her, is at least untainted with this cancer in society, unstained with this deadly pollution, the practice of slave holding by the boasted lovers of liberty the lash and manacle in the hands of the christian. Baltimore, with a population of 60,000, is the creation of less than a century. Its mercantile importance is considerable, and having a high road to the western settlements, will probably insure a full share of the future prosperity of this country. The land round it is however barren, the timber dwarfish, and the crops wretched. Indian-corn and tobacco looked best; the former was in blossom, and five feet high. As we proceeded, much of the country appeared deserted, the roads heavy sand, burning beneath an intense sun. In the vicinity of Washington, the land was one wide common of many hundred acres, cleared and open to any body. The grass $\frac{1}{4}$ inch high, and burnt to snuff, with a drought of eight weeks,

yet the stock looked better than in some other places. Walking before the stage out of Baltimore some miles, I gathered in the woods a variety of indigenous plants, amongst others the golden rod, enchanter's night-shade, two species of oxalis sanicle, haresfoot trefoil, two species of gnaphalium climatis, wortleberry, two species of marygold, two of polygonum, vervain, perennial sunflower, touch me not, and scarlet monarda. I observed by the road the remains of iron mines, and was informed that several furnaces had been worked here some time ago; from the vitrious cinders of which the roads were repaired in some places. The chromate of iron is found here in abundance, and the beautiful chrome yellow prepared in perfection. This part of the country appears rich in iron ore.

We reached Washington at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The first object that arrests the attention and indeed almost the only one, is the far famed capitol, placed on a commanding eminence. The two wings burnt by the British, are now recompleated, and the centre is fast rising. The whole is of fine white free stone, and will when finished, from its position, and its bold and simple architecture, form a noble object.

The President's house situated on an eminence at the opposite end of the Pennsylvania avenue, is built of the same stone as the capitol, and in the same style. Pennsylvania avenue is upwards of a mile long, and contains a few neat brick houses, thinly erected, yet far more closely than any other part of the city. Indeed after all I had heard of this city, I was still disappointed in its appearance, which is rather that of a straggling village, than the capital of this vast empire. The whole population does not exceed 9000, and building appears to proceed very slowly. The romantic hopes formed of the progress of this city, which was expected to start up into population, wealth, and grandeur, as by magic effect, appears to be vanishing. The eulogies heaped upon its founder, his wisdom in the choice of this site for the seat of government, his sagacious discernment of its numerous advantages, central position, noble harbour, "rich commercial territories, and immense internal resources," are disputed by time, the sure test of utility. It has not yet "grown up with a rapidity unparalleled in the annals of time," it has not "yet become the admiration of the world" or "the principal emporium of American commerce." Its

harbour is indisputably excellent, and the Potowmac, though not navigable except for small vessels near the banks of the city, is a majestic river, and the site of the city for health, pleasantness, and beauty perhaps unrivalled. But there is a something which withstands the progress and prosperity of this capital, which politicians can best perceive, and which the Americans themselves are compelled to acknowledge. What ever advantages it may possess, it is certainly destitute of one primary requisite, a fertile surrounding country. It stands in an unthankful desert. The country to a great distance, is one weak and barren wilderness. In spite of the hand of cultivation, it is still a waste, bearing the marks of partial labour and general desertion. Such a circumstance must necessarily deprive it of the greatest source of security, a well populated neighbourhood; a wealthy and thickly populated soil would present, in the deep interest and anxious solicitude of its possessors an impassable barrier of defence. But here, there is no obstacle to invasion, nothing to impede the progress of an army. There are no fine fertile demesnes, no opulent villas, no farms swarming with stock, no domestic riches and endeared hearths, to call forth the vindictive valour of an assault-

ed people. The way is open, unfrequented, and the hostile army may advance to the very capital and behold at a distance a few timid placemen flying before them.

The soil, to be sure, is cultivated by slaves, and from such heartless and uninterested labourers, little can result; and indeed it does seem to bear the curse of slavery: that is the morbid evil which will not only operate directly upon the amount of the country's produce, but must blight its moral growth and eat into its very vitals. This is a consequence inevitably certain, both from the constitution of human nature and the provisions of Providence, whose laws are never violated with impunity. In speaking of slaves, I ought to observe, that the situation of many is better than I anticipated: no amelioration of condition, however,—no provisions of comforts, or even the blessings of life, to slaves, can obliterate from my heart the abhorrence of a slave-holder. Till the greatest of blessings, LIBERTY, is given, the work of restitution is scarcely begun; and when I hear a slave, (as is universally the case when interrogated,) praising his master and acquiescing in his condition, I feel an involuntary horror at that

system which levels the spirit of man with the dust, and teaches it to enjoy its grovelling,—or which holds a rod of terror before a wretch's eyes, capable of extinguishing the love of truth, and practising its victims in duplicity and falsehood. The poor negro sees in a white man, a foe,—and expects that the query of his condition is the language of a spy, that would gladly see him suspended to a sapling for the least murmur of discontent.

The treatment and condition of the negroes hereabouts is, from what I can learn, far superior to what it is in some other states.

As congress was not sitting, the state of society was consequently at its lowest ebb, and there was a stillness and vacuity over the whole place, that bespoke little commercial existence. A few scattered houses, an isolated giant public building or two, a wide extent of projected but yet ideal streets,—commons cleared of trees and parched with the sun, and herds of cattle wandering over them,—a few discontented emigrants, and a horde of slaves,—will afford you a tolerable idea of this city. The emigrants (for my own part) I con-

sider are doing better here than in most places I have seen ; though they complain sadly, and express their anxiety to return. Mechanics appear to be tolerably paid for their labour, but labour is not constant or sufficient. S. H. a shoemaker, from Heanor, Derbyshire, brought over with him, about 12 months ago, a quantity of shoes, not one of which he has been able to dispose of ; “ and if e had, (said he) there war no munney.” You will be surprised to hear that this man, whom we never regarded as one of the sprucest, is out of all patience with American filth. He told me, that, passing a butcher’s stall, the butcher called out, “ Mr. H. you’ve had several jobs of mine, but you never buy a bit of meat of me.” On this he returned, and looking at his stall, “ Why, (said he,) yo Merican butchers are sich nasty chaps, I conna fashion to eat after ye. Ar country butchers, they’n staws as clean an white one mud eat off’en em ; but thy staw’s an inch thick o’ dirt : thou’s ne’er scrap’d it sin thou had it. I reckon some nasty niggars drest it.” The poor fellow’s complaint is but too just, both as to the slovenliness of the meat and its being dressed by negroes. The butchers here seldom slaughter for themselves, but keep two or

three negroes for that purpose,—whose persons and the manner in which they mangle their meat, are equally disgusting.

S. S's. wife and daughter arrived at Alexandria whilst I was at Washington, and I accompanied him there in a hack chaise, to fetch them. Alexandria is seven miles distant; a neat, English-looking town, containing about 7,500 inhabitants. On our return, we dined together under a locust tree, in front of S. S's. house,—a delightful situation! from its shade and the cooling motion of its boughs, in this excessively hot season: after which, I partook of the fruit of his garden; black and morell cherries, fine apricots, apples, and currants. The ground appeared burnt up with the sun, yet they had raised potatoes, cabbage, Indian corn, squashes, water and mush melons, cucumbers, French beans, &c.

I left this city at 2 o'clock the next morning, wishing to walk to a tavern 14 miles distant, before I took the stage, that I might have an opportunity of examining more minutely the soil and its productions. My walk, for the first few hours, was extremely delightful; the moon was very clear, and the comet flamed conspi-

cuous, even amidst the effulgence of her light. The birds in the woods were chanting their morning carols; and, amongst their notes, those of the melancholy whip-poor-will and the voluble and ever-variable mock bird were particularly distinguishable: the mock-bird is truly an astonishing and delightful musician; its organs of sound adapt themselves to the tone and modulations of every other bird, while the melody and strength of its voice give them a superior effect. It is not merely the notes of birds that it is capable (like our nightingale) of imitating, but every sound which it hears; and the traveller in the forest, untrodden by man or beast, may be startled by their respective calls. I should have enjoyed my morning ramble exceedingly, had it not been for the unwelcome ideas presented by the sight of so many poor negroes, on the road at that early hour, going to Washington with baskets of fruit, &c. These they had to dispose of and return, as a prelude to the labours of the day.

Seventh month, 12th.—Arriving in Philadelphia, I found the city in considerable alarm at the appearance of the yellow fever, and trade much worse.

Perhaps I cannot choose a better opportunity of in-

forming you of the bad state of the laws here, which give security to trade; nor can I make you more sensible of it than by inserting the following document, put into my hands by the author,—a very respectable merchant, whose benevolent object it sufficiently indicates.

*To the Merchants of Great-Britain, trading to the
United States of America.*

GENTLEMEN,

THE general expectation excited by the meritorious efforts of Mr. Hopkinson and Mr. Sergeant, Members of Congress, from this city, and others, to procure the passage of an efficient Bankrupt Law, having, in consequence of its rejection, greatly subsided if not totally ceased, it becomes the imperative duty of those who are interested, as Agents or Factors, to furnish their Correspondents with information as to the state of the existing laws for the recovery of debts in America; a subject of the first importance to such Foreigners as are in the habit of giving almost indis-

criminate credits. That there are Merchants in America, and many of them as upright, as conscientious, as honest, and as punctual, as can be found in any part of the world, I can cheerfully testify, from an experience of many years; but, as communities are composed of various materials, it is necessary to be on our guard against such as answer the reverse of this description,—that, if we should unfortunately fall into their hands, we may be aware of the extent of their *power over us*.

The power to make a General Bankrupt Law, remains with Congress; but that body is composed of members, whose opinions on this subject are so various, that the public no longer expect any relief from that quarter: the recovery of debt, therefore, is governed by the various Insolvent Laws of the individual States, which, although they all differ, yet their bearing upon the general creditor being precisely the same, it will be sufficient to show the practice under the Insolvent Laws of Pennsylvania.

When any description of persons,—Merchant, Mechanic, Farmer, or Tradesman,—cannot comply with his engagements, or pay his notes as they become due,

he is considered as having stopped payment, and he immediately sets himself about disposing of the property remaining in his possession, to whomsoever of his Creditors he may think proper, by an instrument denominated an Assignment. As it is the common practice in America, to carry on business by means of Accommodation Notes or Indorsements,—these Notes or Indorsements must be first provided for in the Assignment: this is the law of *honour*, on these occasions, and so deep rooted is the practice, that he who departs from it would be stigmatised as a man destitute of *sound principle*. Borrowed money is equally sacred, and must also be included in the first class to be paid out of the wreck of property. The next class of favoured or preferred creditors, are particular friends or relations, for whom the debtor possesses feelings of friendship or regard; and the balance (which, in most instances, is nothing) is to be divided among the general creditors,—excluding those, however, who shall neglect or refuse to sign a full release within a given period of time.

The first right of an injured creditor would seem to be, a full and fair opportunity of enquiring into the

affairs of the insolvent,—and being consulted, at least, on the best measures existing exigencies might require. How different is the practice; the Assignment, in the form just described, is made without the knowledge or consent of any except, perhaps, two or three of the favoured creditors. This act of the debtor supercedes all remonstrance; he exercises his uncontrolled will and pleasure, in the disposition of the effects in his possession; HE CHOOSES HIS OWN ASSIGNEES; he declares which of his creditors shall be paid *in full*, and which shall receive *nothing*: and this system of preferences has been known, in some instances, to be carried so far as to induce the failing merchant to make large purchases of goods, but a few hours previous to his stoppage, for the purpose of transferring them to a favoured creditor !!! Astonished, you will naturally exclaim,—Is there no law to punish such a robbery? Let us see what Mr. Hopkinson,* one of

* Debate on a Uniform System of Bankruptcy, published in the National Intelligencer, February 25, 1818.—A condensed View of the Debates is inserted in the Philadelphia Port Folio for the same year; which is sold by Mr. John Souter, bookseller, 2, Paternoster-Row, London.

the ablest American lawyers, says on the subject:—
“ The principles of the Insolvent Law require only a
“ full surrender of the property, *in the possession of the*
“ *insolvent at the time of his application for discharge ;*
“ but the *manner* in which he has lost the rest, whether
“ by extravagance, waste, gambling, or the indulgence
“ of any other folly or vice, cannot affect his right of
“ discharge.”

The debtor having thus, in defiance of every honest, just, and honourable feeling, parcelled out his favours to real or pretended creditors, causes his Assignees to give notice thereof in the public papers,—with an intimation, that if the debtor's release be not signed by the appointed time, according to the terms of the assignment, they will be excluded from all participation in future dividends; thus enforcing, with the uplifted hand of menace,—compliance or further punishment, as if the robbery already committed had not sufficiently transcended the climax of deliberate villany.

Notwithstanding the hardened threat of total exclusion, in case of a refusal to sign off, it is pretty well understood, in many cases,—that those who sign and those who do not sign, will ultimately share the same

fate; the whole property having been previously assigned to preferred creditors, and the threat of exclusion executed even before it was made known. In this case, there will remain troublesome, *oppressive creditors*, and, as they are sometimes called, *blood-suckers*, who are only to be quieted by means of the Insolvent Laws; to do this, the debtor must be actually placed in confinement,—which is easily accomplished at the most convenient time, by means of a friendly or preferred creditor. The debtor then presents his petition to the Court, to be released; the Court appoint a day for the hearing, which is the same day appointed for the hearing of, perhaps, a hundred similar cases: fifteen days' notice of this is given to the creditors,—and unless the clearest proof of concealment be made, the debtor is free, and may enter into business again, and pass through the same operation as often as he can find credulity to work upon.

The Insolvent Laws do not afford the necessary means of enquiring into and sifting the affairs of the insolvent. Mr. Hopkinson says,—“The nature of the proceeding forbids it; the tribunal, before whom the examination takes place, is not calculated for it, and

“ never can be,—and the whole affair has become a
“ mere mockery, which the vulgar attend for their
“ amusement, and nobody looks to for any advantage.
“ I have known (said he) as many as a hundred in-
“ solvents discharged in one morning; have seen them
“ sworn off by six or eight at a time,* each struggling
“ to get his hand upon the book, repeating the oath,
“ or rather parts of it, all together, and exhibiting a
“ scene of confusion equally disgusting and iniquitous:
“ in short, the whole proceeding is a mockery, so con-
“ temptible in its progress, and so inefficient to any
“ one good result, that creditors submit to be defrauded
“ rather than appear as parties in such a proceeding;
“ with a full knowledge, that their opposition will be
“ effectual neither to discover the frauds of the debtor,
“ nor prevent his discharge. But the monstrous evils
“ of these Insolvent Systems are found, not so much
“ in what is wrongfully done in them, as in that which
“ may be rightfully, or rather lawfully done; and here,
“ (said Mr. Hopkinson) we open upon that boundless

* About four hundred persons annually take the benefit of the Insolvent Law, in Philadelphia.

“ field of fraud, corruption, and ruin, in which we see
“ the various modes resorted to, to give preference to
“ particular Creditors, to the utter exclusion of others
“ equally meritorious and just,—by which those funds
“ which should be fairly distributed, to alleviate the
“ losses of all, are bestowed on a few, who may be
“ preferred by caprice, by blood, or by *future expectations held out to the debtor* :—the whole power and
“ machinery of Assignments, Judgments, Attachments,
“ are brought into action, to promote and secure a
“ purpose so immoral and unjust,—but, at the same
“ time, so *authorised by the Law*, as to be placed beyond
“ the reach of morality or justice.”

Mr. H. said, “ that under the patronage of the Insolvent Laws, the merchants had now established a
“ code of laws for the payment of their debts, which
“ is at once destructive of commercial credit, and of
“ every principle of moral justice; they have, what
“ they are pleased to call, their debts of honour, and
“ their debts of business,—and the former are preferred
“ to the exclusion of the latter. Indorsements are
“ considered of the first class; yes, the indorser, by
“ whose aid he has been enabled to sustain his credit

“ long after it ought to have sunk, by whose means he
“ has been enabled to make purchases of goods from
“ honest unsuspecting venders : this indorser finally
“ carries off all the property,—perhaps the very goods
“ purchased on their immediate proceeds, and the
“ sellers of them obtain not a farthing from the wreck.”
Mr. H. appealed to experience, and asserted, “ that
“ of many thousand persons who have been discharged
“ by the Insolvent Laws, he had never heard of one
“ who afterwards paid his debts.”

Such is the language of an experienced, enlightened, practical lawyer, uttered, no doubt, with the deepest feelings of regret, at such a state of things ; but whose ardent and patriotic mind became willing to suffer the painful mortification attending the exposure of truth, for the consolatory and self-approving reflection,—that his utmost exertions had not been wanting to remedy the evil.

Another method of placing effects beyond the reach of creditors, is practised as follows :—The failing merchant makes an assignment, to two or three particular friends, who, perhaps, are in no other view interested in his concerns, and never receive any other than

nominal possession. The assignees then advertise that such an assignment has been executed, and that they have duly appointed *the insolvent* their agent, to settle the concerns,—and if any turbulent creditor should thereafter think proper to bring an action against him, he can plead “no property real or personal,” be discharged under the Insolvent Laws, and resume the management of his affairs as usual; while the bamboozled creditor can only stare with astonishment and mortification, at this hocus-pocus kind of legerdemain robbery.

A great mass of the American people, however, reprobate with virtuous indignation, the laxity of the laws in cases of Insolvency; they are subject in common with Foreigners, to the depredations practised under them, and deplore with them their fraudulent tendency. It is but justice to add, that the Society of Friends, or Quakers, much to their credit, have made a full stand against these unjust preferences; no one can remain a Member of their Society who is guilty of them. It is a pity they do not go one step further, and declare him equally guilty, who submits to be favoured by them. To the credit too, of some late unfortunate individuals,

be it said that they disdained to follow the almost universal rule of preferring one Creditor to the injury of another; the consequence is, they have found their best friends among their sympathising though disappointed Creditors.

After this exposition, you cannot plead ignorance of the risk you run, in giving credit to persons of whom your knowledge is at best but superficial; permit one who is a stranger to many of you, to say, that the excessive credits you too readily give, cannot fail to result in enormous losses, and if you continue in the practice, —in utter ruin. This nation cannot consume the vast amount of Goods continually sent! and with a few trifling exceptions, scarcely any articles will bring their original cost and charges in America. In consequence of which, and to the irreparable injury of the honest, well-meaning Merchant, Goods are commonly sold at Auctions just as they arrive, by hundreds of packages, always at a loss, and sometimes at sacrifices so great that I forbear suggesting an idea of them, lest it should appear incredible.

These ruinous losses must ultimately fall upon you.

Besides the preferences I have already enumerated, it must be remembered that if any debt is due to go-

vernment, it is a lien upon the effects of the debtor, and must be paid at all events. The high duties on British Goods are bonded at a credit of eight, ten, and twelve months; and it will, therefore, be easily imagined, that a considerable sum will always, in case of failure, be due to the United States. When this, and the endorsed Notes, and the borrowed money, and the provisions for personal friends is deducted, it will be at once perceived, that the debtor must have stopped in very good time, if there should be any thing left for the general Creditor.

When you recollect this, and also, that your sole hope and dependence must be, on the native inherent principles of honour and integrity of your Correspondents in America, *that you can have no other reliance*, you will assuredly be more cautious and circumspect in your trans-atlantic operations than you have hitherto been. If you are not, permit a friend and native of Great Britain to inform you, that you are travelling, with hasty strides, in the high road to ruin.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your obedient Servant,

JOHN COOK.

Philadelphia, March 1st, 1819.

The following copies of recent Advertisements are exhibited to explain more fully, the coercive, and intimidating mode, of *whipping in* Creditors, *according to the conditions of the Assignments.*

NOTICE.

Whereas Charles Comly and Richard F. Allen, trading under the firm of Comly and Allen, Merchants, of Philadelphia, did execute to us on the first instant, an assignment of all their Estate, real, personal, and mixed, in trust, *according to the conditions of said assignment*, one of which conditions is for the benefit of such of their creditors, resident in the United States, who shall execute to them a release within 60 days, or if out of the United States, within six months from the date of said assignment. All those who are indebted to the said Estate, will please to make immediate payment to us, or Comly and Allen, who are appointed our Attorneys, with full power to collect and settle all business of the said Estate, under our instructions. The Assignment and release are in our hands, at the store of Folwell and Comly, No. 95, Market-street.

NATHAN FOLWELL,

WM. MONTGOMERY,

Assignees.

December 10, 1818.

TO CREDITORS.

The Creditors of the late house of Messrs. Comly and Allen, are hereby again informed, that their release is ready for signing at the store of Messrs. Folwell and Comly, No. 95, Market-street, and unless done by the 29th instant, they will be excluded from all benefit under the Assignment.

NATHAN FOLWELL,
WM. MONTGOMERY,
Assignees of Comly and Allen.

January 19, 1819.

NOTICE.

The Creditors of Caverly and Borer are informed that the time limited by their assignment, for executing a release, will expire on the 29th instant. Those who wish to avail themselves of *the conditions of this said assignment*, will find the release at the store of John Gill, jun. and Co. No. 204, Market-street. All those who do not sign the release on or before that day, will be excluded according to the terms thereof, from the benefits of said assignment.

PETER CAVERLY,
Attorney for Assignees.

January 19, 1819.

NOTICE.

Whereas Henry J. Stuckert, Druggist, of Philadelphia, did execute, on the 14th instant, to John Stuckert, an assignment of all his Estate, real, personal, and mixed, in trust, according to the conditions of the assignment. The conditions of said assignment are for the benefit of such of his creditors who shall execute to him a release within twenty-nine days from the date of said assignment.

The assignment is recorded, and the release is left in the hands of H. J. Stuckert, S. W. corner of Second and Shippen streets.

JOHN STUCKERT.

December 28, 1818.

NOTICE.

Take notice, that I have applied to the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of Philadelphia county, for the benefit of the several Acts of Insolvency of this Commonwealth, and they have appointed Thursday, the 15th day of October next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the County Court House, in the City of Philadelphia, to hear me and my Creditors, when and where you may attend.

J. L. THOMPSON.

Debtor's Apartment, Sep. 28, 1818.

On the 15th, I went through the house of Joseph Buonaparte, near Bordentown. Without recommendation or introduction, I was permitted, with the greatest politeness, to view the house and grounds. The ex-king has expended a great deal of money upon this beautiful spot: the house, with the exception of the president's, at Washington, is the best I have seen; it stands on an eminence on the Jersey bank of the Delaware, and is well set off with native woods. It has nine rooms on a floor, superbly finished and furnished. It is enriched with a collection of paintings, by the best artists: Napoleon crossing the Alps, by *David*, has been justly praised; full-length figures of Joseph in his regalia, with his wife and two children, by *Girarde*, an apprentice of *David*, in the same room, are masterly performances. But the rooms are literally crowded with the best specimens of the fine arts. I shall only add,—their inspection was one of the greatest treats I have received on this continent.

Joseph leads here a very retired life, and bears a high character in the neighbourhood, for hospitality, affability, and ready adaptation to the customs of the Americans. Perhaps, if he knew it, he is now nearer

happiness than he has ever yet been:—without the tumult and splendour of usurped regality, he is likewise secure from its dangers and instability, while he retains all the solid blessings of life, wealth, a fine estate, domestic peace, leisure, and popularity.

Seventh month, 18th.—Arrived in New York, and found its commercial state likewise much worse.—Emigrants continue to arrive, and their difficulties and perplexities are very distressing. Wm. Gillespie, a weaver, from Manchester, who came with us per Hibernia, I find has earned four dollars in eight weeks, and is now without a cent. Several farmers, out of Yorkshire, are just landed, and are much discouraged at the gloomy state of things. I intend setting out on my journey into Connecticut, and thence to Niagara, in a day or two:—and when I shall have another opportunity of writing, is very uncertain.

LETTER VI.

Abington, 7th month, 23rd, 1819.

MY father will be pleased to hear that I write this at the house of the daughter of General Putnam, whose daring acts excited our admiration so much, when reading an account of this State, many years ago. Near this place is the Wolf's Cave, to which the bold but rash adventure of the General, has attached so much notoriety.* I have walked to it this

* A she wolf, that had committed terrible ravages in the folds of the neighbouring county, and had eluded all the pursuits of the inhabitants, escaping with only the loss of part of

afternoon, in company with three of his granddaughters. The situation and character of the cave and adjacent scenery, is much as described by Col. Humphries, in his *Life of the General*. A black and his family live upon the hill near it, and he is the guide for strangers. The cave itself possesses no attraction, except what it derives from the imaginary associations of the General's deeds and his daring, determined, and popular character. Numbers of visitors have left their names inscribed upon the face of the rock and surrounding trees: few, I believe, enter far, to leave a memorial within; and even the general himself, if alive, would find a multitude of enemies in it, each as formidable as the famous she wolf,—it being the retreat of abundance of rattle-snakes; the guide refused to enter on that account, and I was well contented with a very

one foot, by which her track was well known, being hunted into this cave, the General was so anxious to make sure of her, that, when nobody beside, not even his slave, would undertake the task, he descended three several times into the cave, whence he was as often dragged by a rope tied to his leg, but eventually succeeded in killing and bringing forth the monster,—though himself dreadfully lacerated, by being drawn thro' the narrow and rugged openings in the rock, and his life nearly sacrificed.

transient sojourn in it: I have been, however, gratified with my visit. It is pleasing to stand upon a spot which, at the distance of several thousand miles, has excited your curiosity,—amongst scenes and persons which the magic of youthful imagination has invested with a peculiar interest, whilst you sometimes feel a dreary doubtfulness that the theatre of action which books have made familiar to the mind, is really before you. The kindness and agreeable society of the General's children, was equally grateful and unexpected. In person and in mind, they are ornaments to their country; and their hospitality to a stranger, will long continue to recall them to my memory.

Two days after I wrote last, I left New York, by the Chancellor Livingston's steam boat, for Newburgh. This boat, considered the best upon the line, cost 160,000 dollars. In the evening, I went to see our friends at Canterbury; and the next morning accompanied C. W. to Cornwall, to view a cotton-factory.—The machinery was good, but very dirty: wages for women in the mill, 2 and $\frac{1}{2}$ dollars per week, from "sun up to sun down." I called upon the widow of David Sands, and was shewn, under an apple-tree in his

orchard, a stone inscribed with his initials, which marked the place of his interment. This patriarchal custom of burying in their own grounds, is very common here,—and conveys to the mind of a stranger, a very pleasing idea: it carries it back to the infancy of society, when all was simplicity, and nature dictated to the bereaved relatives a mode of softening mental separation, by depositing the remains of departed friends in a spot which uninterrupted retirement might allow the foot frequently to revisit, and the heart to recall the remembrance of their virtues and endearments. How much more agreeable to decorum, the health of society, and natural feeling, than our crowded burial-places, where every fresh corpse is an intruder upon the repose of another.

Before leaving Newburgh, I called at the bank to exchange their bills for specie, to take with me into the western country. The scene which occurred will furnish a tolerable specimen of American banking.—Addressing the cashier, “I will thank thee to give me specie for these bills of yours:” the cashier, without reply, took the notes, counted them, laid down in their place the amount, in five dollar-bills of their own, and

marched back in profound silence. "Cashier! these won't do! I want specie, or United States bills."—"Our bills are as good as specie." "Possibly! but they are not what I want: I want specie!" He then came again, took the notes, and laid down New York notes, and walked back to his desk again. "Cashier! what is the meaning of this? Am I to have specie or not?" "Arn't New York bills good enough for you?" "No! nor your's neither! Shall you give me specie, or not?" "Where are you going?" "I am going to the west." "Our notes will go as far as you!" "That is not to the purpose! I must be short: only tell me, Will you give me specie, or will you not?" (To a boy,) "My son, call Mr. Belknap!" (Enter the banker. "Mr. Belknap! This ere man says your notes are not good, nor New York neither! He will have specie. What's to be done?" Then I added, "Or United States bills." (Banker,) "Give him United States bills." (Cashier,) "I won't: I have them all packed up!" (Banker,) "Then give him specie." Here the old Yankee reluctantly counted out the specie. This is considered one of the most respectable banks in the Union; the discount upon

their notes being at that time, in New York, but $2\frac{1}{2}$, whilst several others were 20, 30, and 50 per cent.

Rencounters of this sort are not very agreeable to travellers : but, firmness is requisite,—as the loss upon the local notes, by being obliged to give heavy discounts when carried to a distance, is too considerable to permit indifference ; in fact, such is the commercial state of the country, that the notes of the multitude of local banks are not current at any discount, beyond their own immediate neighbourhood.

When you have your expenses to pay at a tavern, it is with the greatest difficulty you can find a bill, amongst the greatest variety, which will satisfy your host. My brother was at one, where a poor Scotchman had but one 3-dollar bill, and was obliged to give one dollar to get it changed. The recent emigrant, ignorant of this state of things, and unsuspecting, is commonly the dupe of the wary American. The worst notes are given him in exchange, with the most solemn assurances that “they are the best in the Union, and will pay anywhere.” The country is inundated with such notes, admirably executed ; and by that means,

perhaps, more readily delude the stranger. On every new settlement, where three or four houses are erected, there arises a tavern, a store, and a bank,—but most commonly the banker and the store-keeper are one person. With such notes as these, a fellow-traveller of mine was furnished, on his journey to the western States, at the different taverns where he received change, and tending a variety of them at one, for the payment of his bill, the landlord rejected them successively, as he offered them. An American sitting by, requested permission to inspect them, and select those payable in that part of the country. He looked them over, there were upwards of sixty, and returned them, saying, “you have but one good one, the Utica.”—“Well, (said the traveller,) I knew that was good, and always depended upon it,—but the landlord may have it.” He turned them over and over; but the Utica note, (the only good one,) was gone off between the nimble fingers of the friendly American examiner.

Seventh month, 21st.—Crossed the North River, and past thro’ Fishkill-town to Buckstown and to Simpson’s tavern, thirty-one miles, on this side the river, Dutchess County, New York State. I was pleased to find a

most agreeable change in the aspect of the country. It is fine and romantic. The land is good, and the crops consequently abundant. Wheat yields from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 qrs. per acre, oats 3 to 7, barley 3 to 5, rye 5, Indian corn 5, the dark sap-green colour of the last, which was then in full flower, and so high and thick, that a horse let loose into it, would be lost; formed a striking contrast to that in the state of Maryland. Natural and artificial grasses are here cultivated to advantage, fine crops of which were then cutting. Most of the wheat and rye was got in, the oats and barley chiefly standing. The wheat and rye are there cut with the scythe, and collected by a rake attached to it. The reaper by a peculiar management of this instrument, at once cuts and forms the grain into sheaves. This process is termed cradling, a process in my opinion, by no means convenient, or offering one advantage over that of the English farmer, yet it is one to which the Americans are strongly attached. It was gratifying once more to observe some decent flocks of sheep, as well as a few good dairies. I saw 2 oxen grazing from 60 to 70 stone each. The sheep are generally strong woolled and close coated, clipping from 3 to 6lbs each,

and when fed weighing from 17 to 20lbs. per quarter. The cattle may be ranked upon an equality with the English; a very kind dark red, half horned sort, and the cows excellent milkers. The gardens of some farmers are large, and well stocked, chiefly with squashes, cucumbers, mush and water melons, french beans, &c. but not one gooseberry to be seen, or scarceley a cabbage. Land on the flats sells for 150 dollars per acre, high land from 20 to 50.

Twenty-second.—Rode 14 miles to breakfast across the mountains which separate New York state, from Connecticut. In their general character they resemble the peak mountains, though on a grander scale, high and beautifully hung with wood. The roads are steep and rough, but in their direction, evince the ingenious parsimony of an infant state. In an old and wealthy country, where population is close, and commercial transactions extensive, the necessity of dispatch, the fastidious taste of the opulent inhabitants, the splendid chariot of patrician luxury, and the ponderous vehicle of its manufactures and stores, demand good and direct roads. Every obstacle to motion in strait lines vanishes; mountains are levelled, vallies filled, marshes drained,

the noble bridge spans the impeding river, and the accommodated traveller meets no obstruction but a few solitary toll-bars, to remind him of the rugged route and perilous peregrinations of his ancestors. But in a newly populated land, where the soil is yet unsubdued, and the resources are small, he must wind carefully round the sides of the mountain; he must circumscribe the morass, and pay his toll in muscular exertion and delay. The circuitous roads of this hilly country however, present you with frequent recompense for your toil, by suddenly throwing on the view, a glorious prospect of rich vallies, foaming cataracts, far winding rivers, distant towns, and a world of woods; in short every thing which is considered noble and awful in nature. At one moment you are entombed in the gloomy stillness of the forest, the next, the dreadful precipice yawns on the one hand below; the impending mountain towers on the other, and waves its mighty and primeval trees, in defiance of the axe. The squirrel pounces from tree to tree, the gaudy tribe of woodpeckers glance their rich hues to the sun, and shout in the solitude of the wood, you are now lifted to the breeze and cheering aspect of

“The summer heaven’s delicious blue,”

and now returned to the calm seclusion of the valley, and forgive the circumvolutions of the road, for the beguiling variety it affords.

I overtook a person riding along these mountains with saddle-bags, and as we entered into the true inquisitive pro and con of American conversation, in return for his familar queries, I took the liberty of enquiring where *he* was going, and what was *his* busines. He assured me very readily that he was one of the faculty going to visit his patients. His horse did not appear to be worth 3 dollars, lame and poor, yet quite as respectable as its rider in appearance. I asked him his opinion of the Indian doctors, (some men in New York, who had been amongst the Indians and adopted their mode of administering herbs.) “We physicians” said he “call them quacks.” It may sound oddly to an English ear, for a man carrying his drugs with him in his saddle-bags, as in this instance, styling himself Physician. But this is nothing odd here. The whole practical range of the healing art, is here committed to one man. He is physician, surgeon, apothecary, druggist and often more than this, storekeeper and vender

of all the vulgar sundries of a country shop. A patient sends for a son of Æsculapius. He takes up his bags well stored with potent drugs, mounts his horse, arrives, explores by tact of pulse, and learned interrogative the complaint, opens his budget, prepares his nostrum, and if necessary pierces a vein, or amputates a limb. This is an advertisement I have seen in the Buffalo Gazette for months together. In fact such are always to be seen. "Doctor E. Johnson, opposite to the bank, has on hand at his druggists store, a large supply of drugs and medicines, paints of every description, also linseed oil, together with an extensive assortment of confectionary, likewise a choice assortment of best figs, almonds, raisins, prunes and tamarinds. All of which will be sold very low for cash."

This tract of country to speak of it generally, is rough and uneven, yet well cultivated, thickly inhabited, and blest with prolific soil. The crops of corn and grass are abundant, the cattle good, many of which when fed, weigh 60 stone, of 14lbs. to the stone, the oxen are the best I have seen, especially upon the rich and extensive flats upon this river, where they frequently weigh 80 stones. They are the most common

beasts of draught. Their horses which are fine blood bays, with black legs, strong bones, and good action, being only drawn occasionally. This place is rightly called Farmington, for a farming town it is, having the best land, excellent water, healthy situation, and evincing more neatness, comfort, and good agriculture than any place I have yet visited. Here I was sensibly struck with the different reception and better attention to his comfort which a traveller receives, that in the other states I have travelled in. Instead of being obliged to put up my own horse, to clean him down, fetch his corn, &c. here was a man ready to do all this, and who gave him besides, the rare luxury of a little straw to lie upon. My own treatment was equally superior. With all the American freedom, there was more appearance of desire to oblige, of a sense of real comfort, less vulgarity, and of that manner which seems to say, do as we like, or go about your business. This improved state of the taverns, and I may say, of society in general, I find to prevail in this state. It has been longer settled: the heterogeneous and repellent principles of its original population, have gradually amalgamated, in the fervour of novel liberty, or rather unbounded license, society has at length flowed into

a more uniform and tranquil channel. Education has smoothed off some of its asperities, and has developed the more pleasing traits which mark a people not only free, but enlightened.

Seventh month, 23rd.—I reached Hartford to breakfast, which consisted of veal cutlets, boiled potatoes, cucumbers, pickles, toast, bread and butter, pound cake, cheese, fruit-pye, coffee, and cider. This is a handsome little city, the capital of the state. The river Connecticut on which it stands, is navigable up to it, at high-water for vessels of 300 tons. It possesses some commerce, and a good soil. Thence I proceeded through Oxford, Mansfield, Ashford, and to this place in Pomfret township. To speak generally of this state, it possesses a diversity of situation and good soil, commonly well cultivated. To the agriculturist of capital, it affords the best prospect I have yet seen. Here he would find land that would repay his labour, without the incalculable privations and sufferings of a scarcely explored wilderness; but from the advanced state of population, a selection of an eligible spot would be attended with some difficulty: such spots must be purchased at a high rate, and are not very numerous. To-morrow

morning I again resume my journey towards the Lake country, and as it will most likely be a long time before I have another opportunity of writing at my leisure, the next letter which falls into your hands will probably be a long one.

LETTER VII.

Buffalo, 8th Month, 9th, 1819.

WE are just returned to this place, from viewing the awful and tremendous falls of Niagara, an object of great curiosity to foreigners, but of the utmost indifference to Americans, who are not very sensitive to natural beauty. A man of whom we enquired the way about 15 miles distant, and who had lived there many years, but had never seen them, told us that none but Englishmen were such fools, to go so far to see a heap of water tumbled down a rock. But as we are now enjoying here, a day of sweet tranquility and rest, I shall not immediately take you to the falls, but lead you by the same way we arrived at them from Abingdon.

Seventh month, 27th.—I left Newburgh per stage, for Forbe's tavern, Wayne county, Pennsylvania. At Bloomingburgh, the stage driver presented me with a live rattlesnake, with nine rattles on its tail, and said to be as many years old; after securing it in a strong box, I directed it to our kind friend F. T. of New York, and forwarded per mail stage. These reptiles abound in the mountains over which we travelled the whole day. On the morrow I reached Joseph Stevensons's tavern, where I met brother. Here we saw a settler busy thrashing the grasshoppers and cicados off a field of buck-wheat, which was just coming up. These insects are one of the plagues of America, and absolutely worse than the Egyptian locusts, for with all their voracity they have a perpetual succession. The country is full of them, and wherever an opening is made, and corn or grass sown, they come in clouds to bask in the sun, and devour every green blade. The labour of expelling them is the labour of Sysiphus, the settlers thrash their grounds all over with boughs, and they dance before them like a cloud of dust. But they only dance from one place to another, by the man is at one end of the field the other is restocked. It seems an evil as irremediable as it is serious. Kill millions,

millions supply their places; for millions of acres are full, and no means can possibly repress them. The ground is buried under them. Every step you take in the sun, they start up in thousands, striking against your face with surprising force, and if you are not careful, jumping into your mouth. No description can possibly convey an idea of their swarming numbers. they are of several sizes and species, from the size of a gnat, to that of a dragon-fly. Some of the large species have wings, and fly to a distance of 50 yards. If a man only lays down his cloaths in the sun, they are devoured immediately, and such is their voracity, that my brother having laid down his gun a few minutes in the grass, found on taking it up they had nearly ruined the stock, by eating into it in various places.

On the 30th we passed our old friend M'Carthy's, who pressed us very kindly to stay a few days with him; and in the afternoon the great bend of the Susquehanna, and lodged at Chenango-point. This is a beautiful village on the Chenango river. The neighbouring flats on the Susquehanna, are rich and produce abundant crops of corn and garden produce, but the roads are dreadfully bad. In the morning we started again

by the stage at 4 o'clock, breakfasted at Owego, a fine village on the Susquehanna, past through Ithaca on the lake Cayuga and arrived at Ovid, a distance of 76 miles at 11 at night. Nothing can surpass in beauty the scenery of this part of the lake country. Besides the magic effect of woods, wilds, and waters, the fertile soil laden with exuberant crops of wheat and other grain, and a thickly settled population, not only charm the imagination with the grand and beautiful, but indulge the heart with the association of plenty and enjoyment. We again started hence at 4 o'clock in the morning, along the east side of the Seneca lake to Geneva, which stand on its north point. The soil on this side is not equal to that on the west; where after passing the north point we past through a tract of land formerly cleared by the Aborigines for a settlement. The soil is of an excellent quality, and indeed this observation seems superfluous, because it is well known the Indians never pitched upon any but the most fertile spots. The ancient proprietors of the country, while it lay before them, a mighty wilderness, they had an unbonded choice, and they naturally appropriated only the best, the cream of the country. Their mode of clearing the earth of its trees, I never could

learn for a certainty, but it was probably one of those ingenious resources of native invention, an instance of that facility of directing the unassisted efforts of muscular power, and of supplying the want of mechanical knowledge, and appropriate implements, so conspicuous in uncivilized men. Most likely they girdled the trees by taking off the bark, and after perishing, set fire to them. On these openings they erected their wigwams, grazed their cows, and completed the routine of their agriculture, by scratching in their Indian and Broom corn. Geneva is a large and populous town, delightfully situated, and containing many good houses. From this place, to Canandaigua, the country continues rich and fine, rather flat yet apparently healthy. The soil is light hazel. It is adorned with flourishing orchards, hung with fruit to such a degree, that many of the boughs were supported by props, and many broken down. The grain was mostly got in but the grass looked well. The timber yet standing is chiefly large, the sugar maple, white oak, elm, hickory, and a few beech and bass-wood. We met a party of Indians on a journey, near Canandaigua. The men were dressed pretty much like the Yankeys, with silver bands about 2 inches broad, round their hats; but the squaws or In-

dian women wore no covering on their heads. They were wrapt in blankets tied with yellow strings, and carried their whole luggage, with the exception of a rifle and an axe, which were carried by each man. A boy about 12 or 13 years old, carried a bow and arrows. Their whole appearance, their complexion, dress, and equipage, resembled most strikingly those of the English gypsies. Their ears were loaded with ear-rings. I have seen many of the white settlers of a far more swarthy hue than these natives. Their hair is, as commonly described, quite the reverse to that of negroes, long, silky, and flowing over their shoulders, of a jet black. They were far from possessing that athletic frame and formidable air, I had anticipated, being remarkably thin, but tall and straight. Canandaigua is increasing in population very fast, and is situated on the head of the lake, from which it derives its name. Leaving this place in the afternoon, we walked on about 6 miles from Bloomfield, on the Buffalo road, and again in the morning set off very early on foot; crossed the Genessee river about noon, and turned out of our way a short distance to visit a settlement of Indians, who have a reservation on this river, 2 miles by 1, part of which is fine prairie,

some resembling more than any thing we have yet seen in an English park, a few fine white oaks standing at intervals, and cattle grazing under them ; yet, nevertheless, more neglected, more wilderness like, exhibiting here and there thickets and underwood. We found the men drest only in shirts, and their wigwams made of bark of trees. Their gardens were well stocked with potatoes and a few fruit trees. They were little disposed to say any thing to us, and nothing seemed to break the apathy of any of them, except the double-barrelled gun which caught the fancy of one. I asked him to shoot at a mark, but the wary Indian would not consent till I had discharged one barrel, when he fired the other. The number of their wigwams did not exceed 15 or 16. Before some of them, their deer-skins were stretched in the sun to dry.

Eight month, 3rd,—we passed through Batavia, and over the Tonnewante Creek to Clarence, forty miles, thirty of which we performed on foot, the rain having cooled and softened the roads. We crossed several black swamps, very common in Genessee county, which is flat, and very productive of ague and fever. These swamps are rendered passable by trees cut down, and

laid side by side. You will readily conceive the delicious jolting of the carriage, as it goes bouncing from one tree to another, and frequently more than a mile together. Here brother shot a hen-hawk, as called by the settlers, and much dreaded by them for the havoc it makes amongst the poultry,—the wings of which were each two feet long.

On the 4th, we reached Buffalo at noon, and rested the afternoon. At Williamsville, about ten miles from this place, on our morning's route, is a pleasant village of about twenty houses. The soil, in this part of the county of Niagara, is very strong, with a clayey subsoil; the country flat, the woods, on the road side, turned into farms, and thickly settled. Sheep are worth 1 dollar each; milch cattle, 20 to 30 dollars; good oxen, 30 dollars; wheat, 1 dollar, Indian 7s. (New York money, of 8s. to the dollar,) oats, 6s. or $\frac{3}{4}$ dollar; barley and buck-wheat, each 1 dollar per bushel. In the evening, we walked down to the lake, and were highly delighted with the view of so vast an expanse of fresh water, more resembling a fine bay of the ocean: the eye revels on the dark blue waves unrestrained, except by the American woods on the left,

and those of Canada on the right. In the morning, we walked to Seneca village, inhabited by the Indians, who have reserved a track along the banks of Buffalo Creek, of the most luxuriant land I have seen in America. The elm and button wood are growing to a most stupendous size. Wild fruit, apples, grapes, a large species of haws, &c. hung in abundance. We found the natives busily employed, covering in with shingles a council-house, which they likewise intend for a place of worship. It was from this settlement that the young men who visited England in 1818, went. We told them we were English travellers called to see them, and to enquire after the safety and health of the young men who had been in our country. We were presently introduced to them, who came and shook hands with us. Young King being informed of our arrival, came and shook hands likewise with us, and conducted us into the council-house, where we were seated upon some boards, and the object of our visit enquired into. After these questions, they requested us to meet them again in two hours, in which time they would be prepared with a talk and an interpreter. Leaving them in consultation, we accepted the invi-

tation of J. B. Hyde, the presbyterian minister residing there, to dine.

In two hours they sent for us ; we were introduced again into their council-house, where we found twenty Indians assembled : we were seated on boards in the midst of them. The interpreter rose and stood before us ; and after a short and solemn silence, he informed us they were ready to speak to us. Young King then began an address, with a solemnity of manner and of tone, which, combined with the novelty of the scene, the dress, the deep attention, the gravity and profound silence of the surrounding chiefs, struck a feeling of subduing awe into my bosom, such as I have seldom felt. The interpreter explained his speech to this effect :—“ We return our thanks to the Great Spirit, “ who has brought you safe through your long and “ perilous journey from beyond the ocean to see us, “ and the young men who visited your country. We “ are thankful to the Great Spirit for their preservation “ and safe return to us : we are thankful to our brothers “ the friends in England, for their great kindness and “ attention to our young men, when in your country. “ You may inform them, we have prepared and sent

“them an address two weeks ago. Let them know,
“we have built a meeting-house, to worship the Great
“Spirit in. We think, (like our brothers, the white
“people,) that it is better to have a covering over us
“in wet and stormy weather. We should like to write
“again by you, but fear your time will not admit of it.
“We will take care to inform our neighbours, of your
“wish to have a few things of our making to take back
“with you to England. We wish you to excuse us
“being found in this manner, as your visit has been
“sudden and unexpected to us: had we known, we
“would have been better dressed. We hope the
“Great Spirit will preserve you through your long
“and perilous journey, and conduct you back to your
“families and friends, who no doubt will receive you
“with the same feelings of gratitude and affection as we
“did our young men, who we feared would have never
“returned.—We have done.” I then replied, “Bro-
“thers! we are much obliged by your kind and friendly
“reception, and are glad to find that the young men are
“returned in safety to their country and their friends.
“We will tell our friends in England, that you have
“built a meeting-house at Buffalo Creek, to worship

“ the Great Spirit in, if we are favoured with a safe
“ return, they will rejoice to hear it.” Brothers! we
“ shall be happy to take any communication from you
“ or your young men, to the *friends* on our side of the
“ ocean. Brothers! we are glad to find you dwelling
“ in so fertile and pleasant a situation. You have fine
“ soil, fine water, fine corn, and fine fruits. Let no
“ white men tempt you to sell this beautiful remnant
“ of your fathers’ country. You have every thing in
“ the ground necessary for the production of all the
“ blessings of life. We are glad to see the dawn of
“ agriculture amongst you. Let it proceed; and tho’
“ your reservation is small, it is amply sufficient to
“ afford you abundance. We hope the Great Spirit
“ will send you good crops, and incline your hearts to
“ a quiet and settled life. If you are industrious in
“ cultivating your land, you will be happier in this
“ little spot with the plough and the hoe, than you
“ could be with the bow or the rifle, and the possession
“ of this vast continent. Brothers! we intend to see
“ you again in two days, when you may rely upon us
“ giving you a fair price for the few things we wish to
“ take back as curiosities for our friends.”

We were disappointed in not seeing Red Jacket the famous orator, who, we understood, was gone on an embassy from the United States to some hostile tribe of Indians; an employment in which he is often engaged. The animated eloquence, and the talents for negociation, of this celebrated man, are most astonishing; and nothing but an equal education, and field of action, are wanting, to place him by the side of a Cicero or a Chatham.

Eighth month, 6th.—On leaving the Indians, we proceeded that evening ten miles towards the Falls, which we reached at eleven the next morning. As we drew nearer them, the country became more and more thinly inhabited, the soil more strong and clayey, and the distant war of the cateracts, seemed to make the surrounding solitude more sensibly felt. To attempt to describe this stupendous object, would be vain: it would be only to prove, (as all descriptions of it either by the pen or pencil, which I have seen, have done,) how infinitely far we lag behind in the strift with nature, when she chooses to mock the imitative powers of man.

This justly-celebrated fall has been visited by many of my countrymen; and it was a pleasing thought, that wild and awful as were the scenes around me, tremendous the object before me, and vast the distance I had traversed to behold it,—the desert I trod, or the rock where I sat, had witnessed many of my compatriots before me, led by the same impulse, and overpowered by the same feelings. Curiosity, and the inextinguishable attachment to the great and beautiful in nature, inherent in the cultivated mind, flit with an eagle wing over earth and ocean, to the objects of their adoration,—and the immensity of the distance is forgotten in the fleet and successive visits of their votaries.

In this rambling age, we talk of the wonders of a distant hemisphere with such numbers who have seen them, that we imagine ourselves almost in contact with them. The toils, the perils, the enormity of the intervening space, pass by unfelt,—and they appear to the fancy with the familiarity of a next-door gossip. I doubt not, but numbers who have travelled before me to this awful scene, have thought, at a distance, of the exact descriptions by which they would enable their friends to see what they saw, and to give them a

powerful participation in their feelings,—and it was not till the mighty torrent burst upon their view, and they were lost in the appalling thunder of its terrible concussion, that they found that nature, in her sublimest oratory, spoke to the senses and the soul in a language they had learnt to feel, but *never* to communicate. The man who has stood and watched the giant flood precipitating down the precipice of 150 feet, and stretching its snowy volume of falling waters three quarters of a mile, who has glanced in giddy fear on the phrenzied, foaming agitation of the gulph below,—sending its tormented waters in clouds of vapour to the skies, awe-struck, “stunned with the eternal dissonance,” will bow in prostrate adoration,—and while his soul expands to nobler conceptions of the might and majesty of the Eternal, he will renounce the hope to trace, with an earthly pencil, the inimitable sketches of his hand.

In approaching these falls, we pursued the course of the river downwards from Buffalo, and our attention was first arrested by the sound, at the distance of 18 miles. At $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile distant the rapids commenced, the river taking a quick descent, and rushing impe-

tuously over a vast number of rocks in its course, which worked it into a fierce torrent of white foam.— Drawing nearer to the fall, there are several small islands, and one on the brink of the precipice, [Goat's Island,] to which we passed by a bridge. Here the view of the descending flood burst suddenly upon us, and we remained some time in silent contemplation of the awfully magnificent spectacle. This island, which divides the stream, was, a short time ago, the secure eyry of a number of Bald Eagles; but the bridge exposed them to the intrusion of travellers, and they have totally deserted it. In attempting to go between the sheet of falling water and the precipice, from the stairs on the American side, we were wet through in an instant by the spray, and so bewildered as to be obliged to retreat. On the Canadian side, where we did not attempt it, I understand it is readily practicable. The stream at the Falls, takes a sudden turn, and becomes contracted into a very narrow channel: we passed over here in a boat to the Canadian side. The water in this gulph is 347 feet deep, and the rocks on each side nearly perpendicular, and extremely dangerous; having climbed that side, you are presented

by far with the noblest and most complete view of the Falls. As we sat in the boat, I took up some of the foam that covered the waters, and, squeezing it in my hand, found that it possessed a sort of solidity that astonished me, more resembling the compression of snow than of foam: a gentleman has since assured me, that I might have carried it with me, in that state, to England. He attempted to explain this singular phenomenon, by distributing its consistency to a vast portion of sulphurous and aluminous matter, which is carried down by the rapids, and incorporated with the foam by the force and agitation of the cateract. By the rapids, on the American side, are erected several mills; at one of which, a man will cut 270 small nails per minute. On that side, and on Goat Island, grow some of the largest arbor vitæ, or white cedar trees, I ever saw,—some of them measuring seven feet round. We walked back on the Canadian side of the river, which is wide and level, with no rapids, except in the immediate vicinity of the falls.

On this side we observed some good farms, well managed, and exhibiting (what was become a novelty to us) clean fallows and good large flocks of sheep.—

The inhabitants seem to exult in the idea, that they are British subjects, and *not* dirty yankeys.

The spirit of hostility and jealousy, generated by the mutual outrages of boundary territories, is but too visible here. The memory of war is recent in their bosoms, and the vestiges of its ruins are still before their eyes. We saw several graves, enclosed with palisades, which (they told us) were those of British officers, slain during the war,—some of whom were of distinction. This desolating scourge had destroyed the houses of the settlers, on both sides the river, but particularly the Canadian, which is more cultivated. On the other, Buffalo was completely burnt down, with the exception of one house; it is now re-built, and a place of considerable importance, extending near two miles in length.

As soon as the wind is favourable, we intend sailing up the lake Erie, for the Miami, and pursuing our journey for Birkbeck's settlement, in the Illinois.—Till we return thence, we shall not have the pleasure of receiving any of your communications; a privation, in a foreign land, sufficient of itself to stimulate to the acme of exertion.

LETTER VIII.

Tuncassah, Cattaraugus County, N. Y.

8th month, 16th, 1819.

I NOW address you from one of those settlements of our friends amongst the Indians, for the purpose of civilizing them, of which we have had so many accounts in England. Accustomed to solitary and savage wanderings so long, to find friends in this wilderness, was like arriving at home, and now, that I am at the point of leaving it, I feel it doubly so; but, before I give you any introduction to this interesting place, I must, according to my regular custom, lead you by the same path that I entered myself.

My last was dated Buffalo, the 7th of this month.— We waited several days in vain, for a fair wind ; during which time, we were discouraged by repeated accounts of the dangers of the voyage down the Wabash, on account of the hostile state of the Indians on its banks. My brother and I began to grow heartily tired of this country,—too much so to trust our sculls to the terrible tomahawk, through our desire of exploring its more western territories ; we therefore concluded, I should proceed to Pittsburgh alone, by the way of this settlement, while he returned to New York, to make preparations for the voyage to Europe.

On the 9th, we again visited the Indians, and purchased a few of their curiosities,—and, on the 11th, my brother and I separated, and I took the road towards Concord, on foot, but was overtaken by a gentleman of that place, with whom I rode in his wagon 38 miles, passing through Hamburg and Boston. In Boston township, we saw an ancient breast-work fortification, not less in the internal diameter than 40 yards. Some pieces of iron have been found about it, and the trees upon it are as large, and appear as old, as any to be found in the woods : a decisive proof that this work

must have been cast up at a very distant period, and that by a race of people, perhaps, not of a more martial spirit than the present, but acquainted with more formidable modes of warfare,—acquainted with iron, that reputed criterion of a great advance in civilization, and accustomed to the erection of works that bespeak habits of laborious activity, and an acquaintance with the mechanical powers. It is a singular fact, that these remains are chiefly found in the west and north-west of this continent; the route which agrees exactly with the universal ancestrel tradition of the Indians, respecting the original peopling of America. I have not seen this circumstance noticed by any writer on that subject; but it is important, and I shall speak of it again on a future occasion. I travelled eight miles along the beach of the lake, and afterwards through a newly-settled wilderness, over rough ground and abounding stumps.

My journey, the next day, from Springville to the Cataragus land office, (18 miles,) was through an unbroken desert for 16 miles. It was the most fatiguing journey I ever experienced, and one that I almost despaired of ever accomplishing,—having no track,

but marks on the trees, which had been made some time by the surveyors, for a new road, and which were very difficult to find: in addition to this, the latter part of the road was extremely mountainous,—and, after walking ten hours, with no other refreshment than water from the springs, (in which time I saw but one small loghouse,) over dead trees, sticks, roots and plants, clambering up hills and precipices,—I was no little delighted once more to reach the habitations of men.

On the 13th, I reached a Squire Green's, on the Great Valley Creek, ten miles from the Cattaraugus land-office. The soil, along this valley, appears particularly rich, by the luxuriance of plants as well as of timber, but as yet unsettled. Here I ordered a skiff, for which I waited till next day at noon: it was a few boards nailed together, and a cover, raised to defend me from the worst of the weather, for which I paid 4 dollars. With this, I prepared to navigate the Great Valley Creek, and afterwards the Allegany river, being heartily tired of traversing this wilderness on foot.

At this place, provisions were excessively dear; wheat, 4 dollars per bushel,—butter, 25 cents,—and every thing else in proportion: in provisions for my

voyage, I paid accordingly; dried venison, 1s. 6d. per pound, &c. Here are four saw-mills, which cut a vast quantity of boards for the Pittsburg, Cincinnati, and New Orleans market, and are sent down the Great Valley Creek to the Allegany, and thence down the Ohio. On this route, I set out at noon; but the creek being very low, and filled with slabs from the saw-mills, I was obliged to wade most of the way, and push my skiff before me. It was four o'clock when I reached the river, which I found extremely variable in depth and rapidity: in some places very deep and still; in others shallow, narrow, and rushing over rocks and stones with a strong current. Over these I was obliged to wade; and, by these means, my progress was extremely slow. It was my intention to reach this settlement that day, which is distant fifteen miles; but, owing to these impediments, (to having my skiff upset and filled with water, which I was obliged to lade out with a pint tin, as I stood 2 hours up to the middle in water,) I was compelled to seek the first lodgings I could find.

Pondering my solitary way, wet, and completely weary, as it grew dark, I perceived a light, and,

drawing up my boat, made towards it. I found it an Indian village, and entered a wigwam, where several of them were sitting. They took no notice of my entrance, but continued their talk. I told them I was a benighted traveller, and must be indebted to their hospitality for lodgings. They still continued their discourse, unmoved. I then added,—I had travelled a long way, and was faint and in want of some refreshment. They still continued their apathy and discourse. On this, I repeated my request with some emphasis, to a young man near me. He coldly asked me what I would have: I replied, some bread and milk. He then rose and fetched me some of their bread, made of Indian corn, pounded in a mortar, and baked, husk and all, on the hearth,—and some thick butter-milk. I was really excessively hungry; but when I tasted of the bread, rough and husky, and thought of the nasty squaws by whom it was made, I could not eat: the butter-milk was still more intolerable,—and I dare say they thought my conduct as saucy as I thought their fare bad. I threw the butter-milk out of the door; and seeing a cow grazing just by, in the dusk, I requested a squaw to milk me a little

milk.—She was as immoveable as the men, and therefore I attempted to milk for myself; but the cow was like her keepers, and would have nothing to do with me. I therefore returned, and (pointing to the cow) gave the tin to a squaw, and peremptorily told her to fetch me some milk. She obeyed; and, after this real luxury, I entered the wigwam, where the Indians now began to grow more social. Observing my bundle, in which I had a few necessities, they quickly opened it, and began to examine its contents with great eagerness. Every one asked, “how much this? how much that?” One put my fur cap (with a veil to keep off the musquitos) on, and, erecting and shaking his head, assumed an air of proud and terrible ferocity, such as I have always imagined in a warlike savage. The articles in my bundle were squandered in an instant, as I imagined, never to be regained: I therefore hastened to secure my boat; but this they had taken to carry them over to the other side, where I saw a fire, and heard them shouting and making a great noise: I suppose they were shewing their curiosities to their friends. I now began to feel not very comfortable in my situation. In the midst of these rude Indians, at a dis-

tance from any civilized settlement, my necessities and my boat taken away,—and the knowledge that if they chose to kill me, my fate could never be known, the darkness of the night, the shouts of the Indians, and the wild novelty of every thing around me,—served to inspire me with gloomy ideas. I determined, however, to make the best of my situation; and, returning to the wigwam, I told my host I had nothing but what I wanted for my journey, and should expect every thing to be returned before morning. I soon found my fears were all vain: the things were quickly reassembled, and my host sweeping out a small place, (I may call it a parlour, such as it was,) laid me a skin to sleep upon. Here I laid me down, with my gun by my side, and often did I get up to look for returning light: for I slept none. As soon as it appeared, I gave my host a silver tooth-pick and a tobacco-stopper, the only things I could well spare, and took my leave.

I staid breakfast at an Indian's hut, where I boiled my kettle and frizzled my venison. Here I was informed, that “the friends lived only eight miles down the river. The Indians were remarkable for their hospitality, at the first arrival of Europeans; but the

crimes of the latter have taught them caution: they are, however, when you become a little more sociable, excessively inquisitive, always asking, "Where from? Where going? and, What for?" When you answer, they add, "Ho, ho."

I reached this track just as friends were sitting down to meeting, and afterwards spent the day very agreeably with them. Jonathan Thomas has spent the greater part of the last 23 years in the work of civilization in this wilderness. Joseph Elkinton, the schoolmaster, informed me,—I am the only friend, except the Indian Committee and a particular friend of his, who have visited this secluded place during his residence. Our dinner was a perfect luxury: green Indian corn, potatoes, milk, bread and cheese, and blackberry pye. The afternoon passed most agreeably, in listening to the account of improvements made by friends, amongst this part of the Senecas and Oneidas. On retiring, I could not help feeling most sensibly, the blessing of having had an education amongst friends,—and deep thankfulness for meeting with some of them in this vast wilderness, whose kindness to me, a perfect stranger, will ever be gratefully remembered.

The next morning, I walked with Jos. Elkinton to the Indian School and village, about three miles off. He has here a room built, which serves both for a school and house: for here he cooks his own meals and makes his own bed. A small birth is taken out of one corner where he sleeps, and above there is another small bed, for a benighted traveller, like myself, as sometimes happens. He had that day but six Indian scholars, who appeared to be making rapid progress in the English language,—writing, reading, and accounts. One boy, of eleven years old, gave me a Map of the Tracks belonging to them, of his drawing, and wrote me the following letter, in a good hand.—It will shew, even in so young an observer, the different opinions of his countrymen respecting the object friends are pursuing.

Cold Spring, 8th Month 14th, 1819.

Respected Friend,

I AM now going to write a letter for thee. I guess by and by very strong rain. I guess not much high water now at Cold Spring. I guess to-morrow, council chiefs at Allegany. Not much got apple at my house.

My brother plant buck-wheat, some big at over the river. Very warm now. Some of the Indians he d'ont want learn book. Some of the Indians he d'ont want hunt. Some of the Indians he want very much hunt deer. Some of the Indians not got horse, my brother got two horses, one very strong, my brother got one yoke of oxen very strong, very good, my sisters plant cucumbers at my house, near house, Joseph Elkinton very good plant corn, broom corn very good, I am very glad any thing grow good at my house, near house. Not much plenty birds now at Cold Spring, not much plenty deer. My mother plant corn, some big, potatoes too plant, some big. My mother well, my father too well, brother too well, sister too well, all well my relations.

Owen Blacksnake,
11 years old.

The traces of improvement amongst these children of the forest, are striking and encouraging: for though they are peculiarly tenacious of their ancient customs and sentiments, we see them gradually assuming the habits and pursuits of civilized life. The young are accustomed to agriculture, the handicraft arts are introduced amongst them, the bow and arrow are laid aside,

and it is highly gratifying to see the superior cleanliness, comfort and industry, in the habitations and manners, of those who have been educated by friends. The track of land purchased by the Indian committee, has two good mill seats upon it. One saw, and one grist mill, are already erected and at work. The former cuts 4000 feet of pine timber in one day, which is here worth 5 dollars per thousand, and about 10 dollars in Cincinnati. I. Thomas assures me that there is sufficient pine timber here, to serve 30 years, at that quantity per diem. The mountains covered with this pine appear but indifferent land, but the flats are excellent. After school was over, Joseph Elkinton introduced me to Tekianda, a chief, at his own house. He like the rest of his brethren, who spend their lives in these woods expressed his astonishment at the vast distance I had come, and during my stay repeatedly recurred to it. He furnished me with a few porcupine's quills, which they dye with brilliant colours of their own production, to ornament their mocasins. Some specimens of their paint, 2 of their ear-rings, and as a peculiar token of friendship, a tuft of feathers of the hen hawk, smeared with red earth, which he had worn all the last war; This chief is a great warrior. His presents I very

willingly received, and was glad to replace by others ; but when he offered me as a particular token of amity, his tomahawk to smoke out of, no considerations of offence to the old man, could subdue my horrid loathings, while my imagination figured to me the mangled brains of numbers, into which it had doubtless been dashed. A fine cucumber which he offered me, (though I did not want it,) was a far more acceptable present. His garden is in its first year, yet it is well stocked with all the varieties of cucumbers, melons, squashes, and other vegetables common to American gardens. Joseph Elkinton endeavours to excite a spirit of horticultural emulation amongst them, by using every exertion to excel them in the production of his garden. They look upon him as a most excellent “ corn plant,” and their attempts to equal him will not be without the best effects. The more I see of the effects produced by friends amongst these people, the more I am convinced of the unrivalled wisdom of their system.*

* “ Of this humane community, it is but just to say, that they were the only Europeans in the new world, who always treated the Indians with probity like their own, and with kindness calculated to do honour to the faith they professed. I speak of them now in their collective capacity. They too are the only people that in a temperate, judicious, (and I trust successful)

It is obvious that if we wish to introduce christianity amongst a wild people, the first object to be accomplished, is to convince them that we have really and sincerely their good at heart. When we have planted this conviction firmly in their minds, we have acquired that confidence and esteem, which will induce them to listen to our reasons, and bias them towards a trial of our plans. But it is not by metaphysical arguments, by a detail of spiritual benefits, or any extent of spiritual promises, that we must expect to produce this effect upon a people, whose time is spent in procuring the necessaries of life, who possess a deeply rooted veneration for the traditions of their ancestors, and whose intellectual views in proportion to their paucity and contraction, are more strongly presented to their minds. We must attack them through the medium of the senses, we must give them a demonstrative proof of our attachment to them, and of the transcendent value of our knowledge, and this can only be done by an abode amongst them, in which we may at once convince them of our love for them, and the

manner, have endeavoured, and still endeavour to convert the Indians to Christianity.”

Mrs. Grant's *Memoirs of an American Lady*. vol 2. p. 336.

wisdom of our maxims, and the superior comforts to be derived from our arts and habits. By an abrupt attempt to alter the tenor of their views, and overturn the established principles of their conduct, we should at once raise a mighty rampart against ourselves, we should excite their hatred as deriders of the wisdom of their ancestors, and as enemies of their religion, and should find our doctrines opposed by the adamantine firmness of their traditionary zeal. To alter the constitution of the mind, and the habits of a people, must be the united work of wisdom, affection and time. Let men of shrewdness, patience, and piety, fix their abode amongst them, let them shew them practically, the mode of procuring abundance of food and raiment, from a wondrous little spot of ground; let them offer no violence to their confirmed and popular prejudices, but occasionally sap them, by gentle expostulation, and ingenious arguments; let them introduce the handicraft arts, and excite at once their wonder and their imitative disposition; let them display a regularity of conduct and an evident desire to oblige and accomodate them; till by a frequent conviction of the superiority of their wisdom, they become their friends and their oracles,

and the result is certain. The most inveterate prejudices will melt away, the most savage habits will gradually vanish, and your power established in their bosoms, by wisdom and benevolence, will enable you to extend that work of reformation to the soul, which you have begun in external forms and habits of existence.

The Indians have had friends amongst them, who have instructed both men and women in all the arts necessary to the first stage of civilized domestic life, and the Indian committee have now withdrawn them, in order to let them pursue them by themselves, and to feel the satisfaction natural to the human mind, in a dependance on its own powers, and particularly in the exercise of new acquirements. They have carpenters, builders, weavers, &c. their women spin, knit, sew, &c. and they have only two friends remaining with them, as advisers, and directors, and educators of the young. They have 60 acres of land cleared and laid down to grass, which looks well, and their gardens are their pride. Yet it will be seen by Owen Blacksnake's letter, that the contest between old habits and new ones, is not yet ceased. Innovation is a bugbear, even in a wilderness. But the march of improvement is

begun, and the decided influence of habits which are intrinsically excellent, cannot be controuled. Their prejudices stand thick as the trees of their forest, but the axe of civilization is at work, and as they fall before it, the sun of the gospel will irradiate the ground, and foster a nobler harvest upon its bosom.

Amongst their most inveterate attachments is that of war. I. Thomas is considered their friend and honoured as their father. They enter his house when they please, and sit down without asking. He is their adviser in difficulties, and the result of their councils is often submitted to him. He can frequently prevail upon them to alter their plans, and abandon their prejudices. He has often discussed this subject with Tekianda, but he always replied, that war was pleasing to the Great Spirit, for he had commanded their ancestors to fight and destroy their enemies. I. Thomas could never silence him but on one occasion. His long residence here, has enabled him, not only to acquire a full knowledge of their language, but likewise of the signification of their hieroglyphics. One alone he found inscribed upon a tree, which he could never decypher. This Tekianda explained to him, shewing him

that it commemorated the return of a certain chief from a war, bringing so many scalps, and having acquired uncommon glory. From this explanation, they again fell upon this subject, in a gradual and almost insensible manner, as they walked along. At length I. Thomas said, "well Tekianda, thou thinks war pleasing to the Great Spirit. Yes. He is the father of the Indians, he made them. He made the white people too, and he gave them all the things best for them. Yes, certainly. He feeds them all, and makes the ground fruitful for them all. He watches over them and takes care of them, for he loves them. Yes. Well, thou hast several children. Thou brings them up hardily. Thou teaches them to hunt, and to use every sport and exercise that may make them strong, and capable of living honourably, and of destroying their enemies; thou would like to see them like thyself, great warriors. Yes. Well, when they are grown up, and are strong, and warlike and famous, and all thy hopes are fulfilled, thou would like to see them strike one another, and kill one another, and shew great bravery. What! strike! kill one another! No, I should be ready to kill them! Indians must love one another, they must

kill only their enemies. Well, thou says the Great Spirit is the father of all the Indians, and the white people, and the black people. That he loves them all, and especially his red children, dost thou think *he* likes to see *his* children fight and kill one another. Is he not very angry at *this*?" Tekianda was silent.

The wisdom of introducing Christianity by the hand of civilization, and the manual arts, is still more conspicuous from this consideration; the Missionary who goes fresh amongst them, however well he may be acquainted with his own doctrines, is but half instructed in his office. He not only comes amongst them a stranger, without recommendation, and without any thing but professions to offer, but ignorant of their habits, their modes of thinking, and their peculiar prejudices, it is a miracle if he does not excite both their rage and their derision. Filled with the importance of his mission, confident of the sublimity, and convincing superiority of the knowledge he has to communicate, regarding them as simple and miserable savages, he is prepared to astonish them with his discoveries, and overturn all their objections. Animated with these ideas, impelled by his compassionate feelings, and his

religious zeal, he boldly denounces their customs as ridiculous, and their worship as devilish, and has the mortification to discover that he has only irritated them to incurable enmity, or excited their pity as a silly enthusiast.

Now the time spent in introducing the fundamental arts of civilized life, would prevent all these consequences. It would allow him an opportunity of studying their character, while it was giving consideration to his own. He would perceive that they have a talent of close and shrewd reasoning; he would learn that the torrent which could not be suddenly stemmed, might be diverted from its channel; the tree which could not be plucked up by the roots, might be filled by repeated strokes; and the morass, at first impassable, be eventually drained by industry and skill. He would have an opportunity to reconnoitre the whole fortress of their character, and to discover what might be boldly attacked, what silently sapped, and what must be left to the dilapidations of time; while he was all the while laying the foundation of a complete revolution of character and renovation of heart, in teaching the handicraft arts and in schooling the children. Of this the history of the Presbyterian Mission to Buffalo Creek, affords a strik-

ing example. At a conference of the Six Nations, held there, in 1815, a missionary from the Missionary Society of Boston, Massachusetts, addressed them in a speech, in which he told them, “ he was come to instruct them in the religion of Jesus Christ. That there was but *one* way to worship the Great Spirit, and that they had always been in error.” After due consideration, the following speech was delivered by Red Jacket.

“Friend and Brother.—It was the will of the Great Spirit that we should meet together to day; he orders all things, and has given us a fine day for our council; he has taken his garment from before the sun, and caused it to shine with brightness upon us; our eyes are open, that we see clearly, our ears are unstopped, that we have been able to hear distinctly the words you have spoken. For all these favours we thank the Great Spirit, and him only.

Brother—This council fire was kindled by you, it was at your request that we came together at this time, we have listened attentively to what you have said, you request us to speak our minds freely, this gives us great joy, for we now consider that we stand upright be-

fore you, and can speak what we think ; all have heard your voice, and all speak to you now as one man, our minds are agreed.

Brother—you say you want an answer to your talk before you leave this place. It is right you should have one, as you are at a great distance from home, and we don't wish to detain you. But we will first look back a little, and tell you what our fathers have told us, and what we have learnt from the white people. (Here the orator gave a long and animated account, of the means by which they had been dispossessed of their land; and nearly exterminated by the white people, and then continued thus.)

Brother—Our seats were once large, and yours were small ; you have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place to spread our blankets ; you have got our country, but are not satisfied, you want to force your religion upon us.

Brother—continue to listen, you say you are sent to instruct us, how to worship the Great Spirit agreeably to his mind, and if we do not take hold of the religion which you teach, we shall be unhappy hereafter. You say you are right, and we are lost, how do you know

this to be true? We understand your religion is written in a book. If it was intended for us as well as you, why has not the Great Spirit given to us, and not only to us, but why did he not give to our forefathers, the knowledge of that book, with the means of understanding it rightly? We only know what you tell us about it, how shall we know when to believe, being so often deceived by the white people?

Brother, you say there is only one way to worship the Great Spirit; if there is but one religion, why do you white people differ so much about it? Why not all agree, as you can all read the book?

Brother, we do not understand these things.—We are told that your religion was given to your forefathers, and has been handed down from father to son. We also have a religion which was given to our forefathers, and has been handed down to us their children. We worship in that way; it teaches us to be thankful for all the favours we receive; to love each other, and to be united. *We never quarrel about religion.*

Brother,—The Great Spirit has made us all; but he has made a great difference between his white and

red children. He has given us different complexions, and different customs. To you he has given the arts; to these he has not opened our eyes. We know these things to be true. Since he has made so great a difference between us in other things, why may we not conclude that he has given us a different religion?—According to our understandings, the Great Spirit does right: he knows what is best for his children.—We are satisfied, brothers; we do not want to destroy your religion, or to take it from you: we only want to enjoy our own.

Brother,—We are told, you have been preaching to the white people in this place. These people are our neighbours,—we are acquainted with them; we will wait a little while, and see what effect your preaching has upon them. If we find it does them good, makes them honest, and less disposed to cheat the Indians, we will then consider again what you have said.

Brother,—You have now heard an answer to your talk, and this is all we have to say at present. As we are going to part, we will come and take you by the hand; and hope the Great Spirit will protect you on your journey, and return you safe to your friends.”

As the Indians began to approach the missionary, he rose hastily from his seat, and replied, that he could not take them by the hand,—that there was no fellowship between the religion of GOD and the works of the devil. This being interpreted to the Indians, they smiled, and retired in a peaceable manner. It being afterwards suggested to the missionary, that his reply was rather indiscreet,—he observed, he supposed the shaking of hands would have been considered by them as a token of his assent to what they had said; but, being assured to the contrary, he said he was sorry for the expression.

The consequence was, the missionary was here forbid to preach to the Indians. The Presbyterian Missionary Society of New York, however, instructed better by experience, made a similar application, but in a manner more adapted to the genius of the people, and, after a consultation of six days, permission was granted for a missionary to fix his residence there.—He has now effected a great change amongst them; and, at the time I was there, they were busily employed in building a meeting-house for themselves.

LETTER IX.



Tunesassah, Cataraugus County,

8th month, 17th, 1819.

ABOUT to close my letter, it occurred to me, that while at this place, surrounded by the Indians, and presented with a full opportunity of obtaining an insight into their character and manners, both from my own personal observations and from the long experience of my friends here, you may perhaps expect me to communicate some particulars on that subject: I have therefore chose to defer till to-day, what I might have to say upon it, and to do it in a distinct communication. On re-consideration, however, my time will not allow me to enter into a very long detail; and I am therefore

happy to assure you, in a few words, that, as far as my own perceptions and the relations of these friends go, they fully confirm the accounts of travellers and writers in general: I shall therefore confine myself to a few remarks on the theory of their origin. You are well acquainted with the prominent traits in their character, and the most peculiar of their manners. I have sometimes used the term *wild people*; but I do not mean by that,—*a savage, ignorant people*. They certainly, to a passing view, appear uncivilized in their mode of life, and savage in their warfare: but they possess moral sentiments and religious knowledge, a dignity of feeling, and a train of virtues, which must lead us to contemplate, with curiosity and astonishment, the means by which they have acquired a peculiarity of character, distinct from every uncivilized nation in the world.

You know their deep sagacity in war and in peaceful traffic,—their ardour in friendship,—their ferocity in contest,—their sublime ideas of the Deity,—their perfect freedom from that idolatry which invariably contaminates the dark and uncultured barbarian,—their excessive deliberation in council,—their elo-

quence in public speaking,—the independent spirit of the men,—the laborious habits of the women,—their hospitality to the first settlers in their country, and the subsequent ingratitude and horrible cruelty by which they have been nearly annihilated by those settlers.—I have seen many of these traits. I know them to be true: and, even now, I see the children of one family returning from the woods, where they have been gathering berries,—the boys marching in a lordly and erect attitude,—the girls panting beneath the burden of their united labours. I tell the youngsters to take the load from their sisters; but they spurn with indignation at the idea, and march on with a loftier step. You see the accounts of this people are true, even to this circumstance, which you possibly imagine is not one of those anti-savage features of which I have been speaking. I agree it is one of the worst,—and yet, what if it be one perfectly consistent with their origin? I speak of their origin as if I were satisfactorily acquainted with it,—and I imagine that I am. From what I have seen and read of them since my arrival in this country, I am perfectly convinced of the justice of Wm. Penn's bold conjecture, at his first acquaint-

tance with them, "that they are the descendants of the *Lost ten tribes of Israel*."

I fancy I see you this moment, smiling at my credulity, and commenting on our propensity to enlist our imaginations in the cause of our inclinations to the marvellous, and to warp every little coincidence in those we *contemplate* with those whom we *seek*, till they appear striking marks and conclusive evidences. I too have smiled on the same occasion, even at the credulity of the sagacious Father Onas, and have taken up subsequent articles on this subject, prepared to enjoy the fond zeal of the writer, and to trace (as a source of merriment) his attempts to prove American Indians the children of Jacob! Not doubting but that America was originally peopled from Asia, by way of Kamskatcha and Bhering's Straits, I supposed that some traces of Eastern manners and language might be found amongst them, which would as well prove them Japanese as Israelites. I now, however, candidly confess, the smile has long since vanished from my brow, before the vast body of evidence now collected, and collected too from a great variety of most authentic and respectable sources. I cannot entertain a doubt,

but that he whose eye surveys the universe, conducted these tribes from the midst of nations with whom it was impossible they could ever amalgamate, into this great western wilderness, and has here fulfilled upon them many of his predicted judgments. It is a most interesting speculation; and whether we are individually convinced by it or not, it is to be hoped that it will prove a means of causing us to regard these "children of the Great Spirit" with a more favorable and brotherly eye. You, I doubt not, feel persuaded, with the generality of the learned, who have of late years made anxious enquiries on the subject, that the posterity of these captive tribes are yet to be found in some quarter of the globe. You feel convinced that, from the nature of the prophecies relating to them, and from their pertinacious adherence to their customs, they would remain (like their brethren the Jews) a distinct people, in spite of persecution, or flattery, scattering or confinement, the destroying or incorporating policy of different nations, and the contumely and cruelty they have received from all. The attempts to discover them in the East, have shewn us merely traces of their former presence, and but faint vestiges

of a few of their number mingling with other people; it is therefore doubly interesting to examine the reasons for supposing they are eventually found here.

William Penn says,* “The natives I shall consider, in their persons, manners, religion, and government, with my sense of their original. Their language is lofty, yet narrow, but (like the Hebrew) in signification, full. They believe in a GOD and immortality. Their worship consists of two parts,—Sacrifice and Cantico. Their sacrifice is their first fruits. The first and fattest buck they kill, goeth to the fire, where he is all burnt, with a mournful ditty of him that performeth the ceremony. In the fall, when the corn cometh in, they begin to feast one another. There have been two great festivals already, to which all come that will. We have agreed that in all differences between us, six of each side shall end the matter.—Do not abuse them; but let them have justice, and you win them. The worst is, that they are the worse for the Christians, who have propagated their vices.—For their original, I am ready to believe them of the

* Select Works of William Penn, vol. 4th, page 304—312.

Jewish race; I mean of the stock of the Ten Tribes,—and that for the following reasons: 1st, They were to go to a “land not planted nor known,” which, to be sure, Asia and Africa were, if not Europe; and he that intended that extraordinary judgment upon them, might make the passage not uneasy to them,—as it is not impossible, of itself, from the easternmost of Asia to the westernmost of America. In the next place, I find them of like countenance, and their children of so lively a resemblance, that a man would think himself in Duke’s-place, or Bury-street, in London, when he seeth them. But this is not all, they agree in rites,—*they reckon by moons,—they offer their first-fruits,—they have a kind of feast of tabernacles,—they are said to lay their altar upon twelve stones,—their mourning a year,—customs of women*, with many other things that do not now occur.”

Such are some of the remarks of William Penn, which for brevity, I have selected from a detail of their customs, to which you will do well to refer. At that time not merely his idea of their origin, but that of a passage from Asia, was extremely ridiculed. Subsequent discoveries, have however proved the latter, and

it is remarkable that almost all travellers and missionaries have added their corroborative testimony to the former. They have been universally struck, with their personal likeness to the Jews; on learning their language, they have found its idiom purely hebrew, and have not only selected many Hebrew words, but have given us abundant additional testimonies in their traditions and customs. This evidence has lately been collected with much labour and arranged with much perspicuity by Dr. Boudinot of Philadelphia, but as I believe his work has not reached, or been re-printed in England, I shall give you a few brief extracts, though they must be few indeed, but yet sufficient to teach you what you may expect to encounter in a large octavo volume, if you wish to refute it.

He quotes the Apocryphal relation of their journey from the second book of Esdras, chap. 13, verses 39 to 50, to which you may turn. After a long dissertation on the subject, and quotations of prophecies relative to this people, he remarks, “ Suppose a strange people to be discovered, before wholly unknown to the civilized world, and an enquiry into their origin were to be instituted, what mode would be most likely to succeed?

In our opinion a strict enquiry into the following particulars would be the best. The language; their received traditions; their established customs and habits; their known religious rites and ceremonies; and lastly their public worship, and religious opinions and prejudices."

LANGUAGE.

"The Indian Languages are, in general, very copious and expressive, considering the narrow sphere in which they move, their ideas being few in comparison with civilized nations. They have neither cases nor declensions, they have few or no prepositions. This they remedy by affixes and suffixes; their words are invariably the same in both numbers. All this, if the writers information be correct, is very similar to the Hebrew, He has been informed, and the same is confirmed by a writer well acquainted with the subject, that there is no language in Europe, except the Hebrew, without prepositions, that is in separate and distinct words. The Indians have all the parts of speech except the above. They have no comparative or superlative degrees, more than the Hebrew. He goes on to observe that both Jews and Indians are alike

in their epithets and their abounding with rhetoric and metaphor. After which he introduces several Indian speeches, equally demonstrative of these qualities, and the profound sense of their orators. Adair, declares their language to be the same both in root and general construction as the Hebrew and many of their words are yet purely Hebrew. Charlevoix, a man well acquainted with the Indians and their language, says, that the Algonquin and Huron have between them that of all the nations of Canada. Both of these have a richness, a variety of terms, and a regularity which astonishes, they have a sort of urbanity or atticism of which the common ear is very sensible, but to which their orators alone obtain. All appear to be dialects of only one great language, and are understood by one another to immense distances. Dr. Edwards asserts, their pronouns are formed from their nouns, same as the Hebrew. Many words are known to be the same in both, and doubtless thousands more might be discovered by a close examination. I subjoin a few."

<i>English.</i>	<i>Charribee.</i>	<i>Creek.</i>	<i>Hebrew.</i>
His wife.	Liani.		Li Hene.
My wife.	Yene Nori		Hene Herranni.

<i>English.</i>	<i>Charribee.</i>	<i>Creek.</i>	<i>Hebrew.</i>
Come hither.	Haci yeti.	Aca-ati (Samaritan	
The Heavens.	Chemin.		Shemin.
Jehovah.	Jocanna.	Y-he-ho-wah.	Jehovah.
Woman.	Ishto		Ishto.
Man. } Chief. }	Ish.	Ishte.	Ish.
Praise God.	Hallehuwah.		Hallelujah.
Father.	Abba.		Abba.

And a vast many more. The Indian Mohawks possessed a power and reverence amongst all other tribes, and were considered the great counsellors of the others. It is a singular fact, that the Hebrew word Mhhokek, means a lawgiver, (leges-interpres) a superior. The learned Jew Isaac Nasci, resident at Surinam informed Souard, that the language of Guiana has a regularity in its Syntax, as if established at an academy, and that all the substantives were Hebrew."

Indian Traditions.

" Their traditions are preserved with the strictest care: their beloved old men, or Priests, teaching them to their promising young men. They hold it a certain fact, that their ancestors came from a very far country, by the way of the west, where the people were

all of one colour. Instances of Indians coming from the south in quest of their brethren, whom their old men said dwelt to the north-west, have been known; even from Mexico to the Aquahpah nation, above 150 miles above Nachez, on the north side the Mississippi, and opening a correspondence with them. This tradition of the course of their ancestors extends to all parts of the American continent. Their account is very descriptive of what their rout would be through Kamskatcha, and over Bherings Straits in winter. They have traditions of their ancestors being great prophets, able to controul the course of nature, and to procure great rains for the "beloved people," a name they always appropriate to themselves, the holy people, the children of the Great Spirit. That their common father had twelve wicked sons, their first mother came down from heaven, and had twins, the eldest of whom killed the younger; they believe, that in ancient times, their ancestors lived till their feet were worn out with walking, and their throats with eating. They speak of the deluge and the great canoe in which a few were saved. They did till lately, and many tribes do still, practice circumcision. That they once built a great high place, to avoid another flood, and the Great Spirit came down in a rage,

and confounded their language. That in leaving their native land, they carried with them a sanctified rod, which they planted every night; at length it put forth and grew, as an oracle had foretold, and there they fixed their abode. That the angels used to come down and talk with their forefathers, and taught them to pray and sacrifice. They believe in two spirits, the Great good Spirit, who cannot do evil if he would, and the great bad spirit, who does nothing but mischief. These traditions have been collected by persons of great piety and veracity. Charlevoix was a clergyman of character, who was with the Indians some years, and travelled from Canada to the Mississippi, at a very early day. Adair was forty years domesticated with the southern Indians, and was a man of great learning and observation. Brainerd, was a man of remarkable piety, and a missionary with the Crosweek Indians to his death. Dr. Edwards son of President Edwards, was eminent for his piety, and learning, and intimately acquainted with the Indians from his youth. Dr. Beatty, was a clergyman of note and character. Bartrom was well known to the author, a man of considerable discernment, and travelled the country as a botanist. M'Kenzie in the employment of the northern company, an

old trader and the first adventurous explorer of the country from the Lake of woods to the Northern Oceans."

"An Indian once set out from the tribe of the Yazous, forty leagues from the Nachez, called by his fellow Indians, "the killer of pain and fatigue," to visit the land of his ancestors, and travelled to an immense distance through the nation of the Otters, till he came to a country where the days were long and the nights short. Here he was told, that the land extended a stupendous distance north-west, and was then cut by a water running from north to south. He returned home from that place and got back five years from his first setting out. All these accounts point clearly to their crossing the straits from Asia.

Gneral Character and Customs.

The author gives a list of "one hundred and ninety nations, each having a king or sachem." The Indians by oppression, disease, wars, and ardent spirits, have greatly diminished and degenerated in their moral character, and lost their high standing as warriors, since the Europeans settled amongst them. The very ancient men who have witnessed their former glory

and have heard from their beloved old men the achievements of their ancestors, weep like children when speaking of their present state.

Every nation has its peculiar emblem, as well as tribe and family, by which they distinguish themselves as the Israelites, “the lion of the tribe of Judah, &c.” These emblems they cut on trees, as memorials of their victories, and they are understood by one another. They have their eagles, panthers, (the lion of America,) their bears, &c. &c. They reckon after the manner of the Hebrews, dividing their years into seasons, and reckon by moons. Their days by the different progress of the sun. Their months by the ripening of fruits, and pay great regard to a new moon. They have cities of refuge appointed like the Jews. They have a strict and peculiar preparation to sanctify themselves for war. But the most remarkable circumstance is, that they have an *Holy Ark*, which they carry to war against their enemies, by the command of the Great Spirit. The Indian ark is of a very simple construction. It is made of wood, securely fastened together in the form of a square. The middle of three sides extends a little out, but the fourth is flat for the

convenience of the person who carries it. The ark has a cover, and the whole is made impenetrably fast by hickory splinters. It is about half the dimensions of the Jewish ark, and may be properly called the Hebrew ark imitated. The leader and a beloved waiter carry it by turns. It contains several consecrated vessels, made by beloved superannuated old women, and of such curious antiquated forms, as would have puzzled Adam to have given significant names to them. These two carriers are purified longer than the rest, that the first may be qualified to act in the religious office of a priest of war, and the other to carry the awful sacred ark, all the while they are engaged in the act of fighting. The Hetissu or beloved waiter, feeds each of the warriors by an exact stated rule, giving them even the water out of his own hands, lest by intemperance they should spoil the supposed communicated power of their holy things, and occasion fatal disasters to the war camp. They never place the Ark upon the ground, nor set it upon the bare earth while carrying it against the enemy. On hilly ground where stones are plentiful, they place it on them, but on land where stones are not to be found, they use short logs, always resting themselves in like manner. The

former is a striking imitation of the pedestal on which the Jewish Ark was placed, a stone rising three fingers breadth above the floor. They have as strong faith in the power and holiness of their ark, as ever the Israelites had of theirs: ascribing the superior success of the party to their stricter adherence to the law than the other. This ark is deemed so sacred and dangerous to be touched, either by their own sanctified warriors, or the spoiling enemy, that they will not touch it on any account. It is not to be meddled with by any but the war-chieftain or his beloved waiter, who are consecrated for the purpose, under the penalty of incurring great evil. Nor would the most inveterate enemy of their nation, touch it in the woods for the same reason. When they return victorious they sing the triumphal song, Y-he-ho-wah, ascribing the victory to him. They never eat the hollow of the thigh of any thing they kill. The atonement of blood for blood, is required. After the funeral ceremony and singing Y-he-ho-wah and Hal-le-lu-yah, they bury the corpse in all its finery, perhaps in his own house, or under his own bed, in a sitting posture, with his face towards the east, and his head anointed with bear's oil. They think the burial of a white man in the tomb of

their ancestors would be highly criminal. The Choc-taws hire mourners after the Hebrew manner, Jeremiah, chap. 9, verse 17, 19. They imitate the Hebrew injunction of a brother marrying the widow of the deceased."

Their known Rites and Ceremonies.

"The Indians have a surprizing pure system of morality and great knowledge of propriety. It is a fact well attested that before the revolutionary war, a preacher went amongst them and began a sudden discourse, telling them "there was a God who made all things, and that it was exceedingly sinful and offensive to him to steal, get drunk, or lie," they replied, "go about your business you fool, dont we know there is a God as well as you? Go to your own people and preach to them, for who get drunk, or lie, or steal more than you white people?"

"Adair assures us, that from forty years experience, he can say, that no nation from Hudson's Bay to the Mississippi, have ever been known to attempt any image of the Great Spirit whom they devoutly worship. They never pretend to divine from any thing but dreams. They believe the Great Spirit has bound the

wicked spirit, having found him very wicked when he had made him. That he made a little man of clay at first, and blew upon him and he lived, but they have no tradition of the creation of woman, except that she was produced after the man. They are filled with great spiritual pride and consider themselves under a theocracy, having God for their king. They despise all other people. Their high-priest in his addresses calls them, the beloved people, and makes many flourishes on their land, which he says, "flows with milk and honey." The Tetragommator of the Jews, and their sacred regard for it, never pronouncing it all together, except once a year, is well known, and the four great lettered name of this people Y-he-ho-wah, is regarded and used much in the same manner. Their names of the Deity are highly expressive of his attributes. They are never known to pay adoration to any material thing or representation, yet they have a sort of rude sketch of the cherubim in their places of worship, the horn, the Hebrew emblem of power, is theirs, and is hereditary in some chief's families. See the treaty of William Penn with the Indians. They have their prophets, and priests, and their high-priest when

he offers the yearly burnt offering for sin, clothes himself in a vest, which bears a humble resemblance to that of the Jewish pontiff."

Public Worship and Religious Opinions.

"The Indians in general, keep the following religious feasts and festivals. 1st—The feast of the first fruits, and after it, on the evening of the same day, one resembling the passover. 2nd—The hunter's feast, like that of Pentecost. 3rd—The feast of harvest, and day of expiation for sin. 4th—A daily sacrifice. 5th—A feast of love."

The description of these it is impossible to quote, even in the smallest degree. I shall only add, they break no bone at the passover, and consume every thing that day. If one family is not competent to hold it by itself, two or more unite, after the mosaic institution. These and abundance of other evidence of which I have given you but a very flitting touch, will I think, prepare you to read Dr. Boudinot with attention. In the mean time William Penn's account of this people, as they were at the first arrival of Europeans, will afford you much pleasure.

Are not these features then of the Aborigines truly

astonishing? If we were to deny their origin as a nation, to what cause can we possibly attribute such peculiar customs, so different to those of savage nations; so different from those of all nations whatever, except the Jews? How can we account for so surprising a coincidence between the rites, ceremonies, language, and doctrines of two nations? Such a solution would I imagine, be far more difficult than the removal of any objection to the possibility, and rationality of this theory. For my part I do not hesitate to avow that I consider the evidence, which is abundant, and drawn from various sources, the most complete and convincing that could possibly be brought to prove the extraction of any nation, at the distance of upwards of 2000 years from its separation from the mother state, and without any communication with it, or any historical record. The principal and most general objection which I have heard advanced against this theory is the present state of the Indians. Is it possible it is asked that a people so enlightened as the Israelites, and acquainted as they were with writing, should so completely lose that art, and should so completely forget the clear history of their ancestors?

If they be indeed the posterity of the Ten tribes. The time elapsed since their probable entry of this country, and their peculiar circumstances, are certainly more than sufficient to account for that and still greater approaches to barbarism. The captivity and carrying away of the ten tribes under Salmanazer, and their settlement in Halah and Habor, cities of the Medes, took place ante J. C. 728. That of the remnant by Esarhaddon, in 700. It appears to me most probable, that their escape from the thralldom of the Medes, took place during the troubles and revolution of the Assyrian Empire; whilst the Medes were harrassed by the vast eruptions of the Scythians, which recalled them from the seige of Nineveh, 635, or whilst the Medes and Persian, were engaed in the wars of Cyrus. Those mentioned as still inhabiting part of the east by Josephus and Terence in the 1st century, it is probable, were merely the relics of the host, who had not been able to effect their escape, or perhaps the remnant taken captive by Esarhaddon. But even supposing them there at that time, the space of about 1500 years, till the discovery of America, appears amply sufficient to account for their change. But it is far more probable that their departure took place at an earlier period and

at the invasion of the Scythians rather than at any other. It is more reasonable to suppose, that while slavery was new, and the idolatrous manners of their conquerors were strange, they would feel more vividly the calamities of their situation, and would watch with impatience for the first opportunity of escaping from so galling and odious a thralldom. Their numbers would be more collected and undiminished, their spirit more unbroken and undebased, their love of liberty and passion for revenge more glowing than they would be after a longer endurance of the degrading influence of slavery, a finer opportunity could not possibly present itself. The power of their oppressors was not taken from their shoulders, but their very existence threatened by the torrent of that barbarous inundation. The vast countries of the north east of Asia, were open to their march, and to their enquiry. If therefore their departure took place at that period, a space of 2000 years is allowed for the production of their present character. Now if we only conceive what must have been the effect of their captivity upon them, deprived of all means of cultivating the arts, carried into the midst of nations little civilized, placed in a barren country between the Euxine and Caspian seas, and

therefore obliged to devote their whole time to the support of life ; if we only duly calculate the evils and disabilities of their situations, in their long and arduous march,—the difficulties of merely supporting themselves on their immense journey,—we shall not surely expect them to retain their rank as a civilized people, —we shall not surely expect them to employ themselves much in writing.

Their national character must be fast deteriorating, and their art of preserving their records fast approaching to extinction. But when they arrived in America, what would be their situation? They had a vast wilderness before them, which (if prophecy be true) the foot of man had never sealed with the signet of his dominion. The wild animals and the wild productions of the earth, must be their only resource ; the bow and the spear, must be their only weapons ; the preservation of their arts must give way to the preservation of their existence,—and their history must be committed to the keeping of tradition. Such causes, operating upon them for ages, must leave them in the simplicity of nature. We might naturally expect that, in successive generations, new customs would spring

up,—new habits would arise out of the nature and wants of their situation, and the memory and practices of their ancestors gradually fade away. I am, therefore, only astonished that so many traces of their ancestry do remain. I am surprised only at the luminous coincidence of language, traditions and customs that still forcibly mark them, and which prove to my mind, that they must have had their foundation in circumstances of singular and awful importance.

It is now generally admitted, that Asia was the grand source of American population; and it is almost generally allowed, that this continent (in part, at least) has been inhabited by a people more acquainted with the mechanical arts than the present Indians. The remains of fortifications, which must have been erected more than a thousand years ago, from two successions of trees having grown upon them, the youngest of which appear equal to any trees of the forest, are frequently found. Iron, and other traces of a civilized and powerful people, are sometimes discovered; and I have now in my possession a piece of stone, fluted in the manner of a Doric pilaster, which I picked up. Many other architectural remains I have seen in the

possession of different gentlemen, consisting of materials not to be found in the neighbourhood where they were discovered ; a proof that labour and expense were not spared for the gratification of taste. But it is a circumstance which I have not seen remarked, that these traces are the most frequent in the north west ; affording a decisive proof that the people who left them came into the country in that direction a great people,—and that, as they advanced, they gradually sunk into a more simple state. All these circumstances agree with this theory, and the traditions of the Indians.

An American writer congratulates his country, on being the only *Christian country* in the world which has not persecuted the Hebrews. Perhaps, however, it will appear, that it does not constitute so amiable an exception ; and that America will have to unite its efforts with every other Christian realm, to wipe away the stain of injury towards the most remarkable and most abused people in the globe. This is the object to which I could wish all our enquiries to turn. I am not anxious to ascertain the origin of the Indians, because I imagine that the Hebrews will ever return to

their original country : that is to me a matter of perfect indifference ; but this I know, that they have been barbarously and ungratefully treated,—and that, as Christians bear the blot of that infamy, every Christian ought to be anxious to wipe it away.

If it be proved that these interesting people are really the descendants of Jacob, it will afford an awful instance of the deep and inscrutable workings of Providence, and will awaken a strong and (for them, I trust,) propitious interest in every Christian mind.

P.S. The striking personal likeness the Indians bear to the gypsies, and the singular history of that wandering people, and several other circumstances, would render an attempt to point out one common origin, not at all surprising to me. The author of their history has endeavoured to trace their origin to the East ; but has developed their route no further than to Tartary,—through which the Israelites passed, and where many remained, and mingled with the native Scythians.—May not the very Parias of Indostan be a branch of this same stock ? They possess characters in common with both Jews, Indians, and Gypsies ; they are a despised and persecuted people, who never mingle by

marriage with others : all bearing a strong resemblance to the people marked out by the prophet,—“to be driven into every nation under heaven, and to be as the outcasts of all.” It is not generally known, that the Gypsy language possesses the peculiarity of idiom common to the Hebrew and the American Indians,—that of having no superlative degree ; but it is really the case. I merely suggest this idea, without the least wish to press it ; but, if it should prove true, it would place the predictions of the degradation of the Israelites in a very strong light : for, who are degraded as these people ?

LETTER X.



Philadelphia, 9th month, 5th, 1819.

IARRIVED in this city yesterday, and forgot many a long day's wandering, in reading your truly-welcome letters: mine, giving you a relation of some of our earlier travels, are doubtless in your hands before this. I am truly happy to think that I shall, after this time, have little further relation to give you, except what I give verbally when I regain the land of the scenes of my birth. I now hasten to bring down my narrative to the present time.

I took leave, with mingled feelings of gratitude and regret, of my kind friends and their interesting settle-

ment at Tunesassah, which J. Thomas informed me he intended to quit in a few weeks, and return to his own family and estate. I could have remained secluded with these friends of the poor and persecuted children of the forest much longer, with great pleasure; but the thoughts of the journey before me, (having still near three hundred miles to go, chiefly through an entire wilderness, alone and solitary, to Pittsburgh, which, at thirty miles per day, would be about nine day's journey,) made me anxious to get along.

I found the river rather higher, which would have made it better voyaging, had not the velocity of the current in some places, and the agitation of the rapids, roaring over rocks and stones, increased the danger. At Marshes tavern, fourteen miles onward, I was told, four people had been lately drowned, and buried near there. The hills, along the Indian reservation, are of a most astonishing height, chiefly covered with pine; the flats, few and small, covered with button-wood, butter-nut, and elm. I slept at Warren, the first small village on the river, (31 miles,)—and again, rising early, pursued my solitary way. The bald eagle and the bittern find a retreat from the intrusions of men,

amongst these stupendous, rocky mountains,—at the foot of which, the Alleghany runs, winding in every direction. I called, to rest myself awhile, at a settler's of the name of Jones,—a smart man, as an American, and an intelligent one, as an Englishman would say. He told me, that George Lawson, a hosier, from Nottingham, had settled near him, three years ago,—and two years last second month, perished in the snow, leaving 1200 dollars in property. By letters found, it appeared he had left a wife and nine children, on account of his wife's implacable temper. Proceeding onward, I took up my lodgings with a poor family, in a state of wretchedness and filth inconceivable to an Englishman.

The next day, I observed a number of Indians, fishing and hunting along the sides of the hills, who agreeably animated by their presence the death-like solitude of this wild and silent valley. They are astonishingly expert with the fish-spear, and appeared very successful in their hunting, by the number of skins they displayed. As I proceeded, the river became wider and deeper, and therefore less dangerous; but heartily tired of this mode of travelling, with being

every now and then turned over, or obliged to leap out, both in the cold of the evenings and the thick mists of the morning, I sold my skiff to a man, giving him my kettle and *et ceteras* for the voyage, into the bargain, for one dollar bill,—which, I believed at the time and eventually found, was worth nothing.

Intending to pursue my journey on foot, I directed my course for Franklin. On the preceding night, I procured lodgings at a private house, at the mouth of Oil Creek. On this creek, two settlers annually procure 600 gallons of petroleum, which flows from several springs, and which they sell at $1\frac{1}{4}$ dollar per gallon.

8th month, 20th.—According to my custom when on foot, I walked on early, and reached Franklin to breakfast,—where I met with two young men from Nottingham, who gave me letters to their friends,—and a young man from Manchester, who had employment at the Plattsburgh iron-works, and was the first person I had found who preferred this country to England. From Franklin, on the Pittsburg road, an abundance of minerals discover themselves in the hills. In one place, vast quantities of ochre seemed to have attracted speculators; but their log-houses were again

deserted, and their beautiful orchards, in full bearing, thrown open to the waste wilderness. Game, pheasants, turkeys, and other birds, appeared plentiful.—I terminated this day's journey, of 24 miles, at a tavern in Slippery Rock township, Butler county. This neighbourhood abounds with good iron ore, coal, salt-wells, yellow ochre, chalk, white clay, gypsum, and limestone. The state tax upon land of the first quality here is $1\frac{1}{4}$ cent per acre,—second quality, 1 cent; road tax, the same. From this place to Pittsburgh, (42 miles,) the appearance of game, particularly turkeys and deer, is frequent. Coal is seen bassetting out of the hill sides in many places, of excellent quality, which the settlers always term stone coal, to distinguish it from char-coal. The soil is generally strong and shelly. The timber, on this side the Alleghany, principally ash, with a little hickory. As we approach Pittsburgh, the land is better cultivated and thickly inhabited; but no framed houses are seen from Franklin till within seven miles of Pittsburgh, which I reached at sun down, having walked thirty miles.

Eighth month, 24th,—In the night I was seized with a most violent attack of spasms at the stomach,

and obliged to call in an apothecary, who told me it almost universally affected Europeans, on their arrival. He attributed it to the water, impregnated with a variety of minerals. To the same cause he attributes the general prevalence of the dysentery, which sweeps off great numbers.

Pittsburgh has been so much the subject of description, by many travellers, that I shall only make a few general remarks. The aspect of trade is at present very gloomy. Most of the factories, both of cotton and iron, are set down, and great complaints are made. Potatoes are selling at 1 dollar per bushel; coals, at 5 to 7 cents; beef, 6d to 7d per lb; flour, 6 dollars per cwt. The number of inhabitants is almost 9,000; the houses are chiefly of brick, poor and low; the streets intersect each other at right angles. Though the city is situated at the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela, yet the mills are chiefly worked by steam, coal being excellent and abundant. Mechanics are more plentiful than employment; and though, doubtless, this place (from its situation and local circumstances) will become a most important manufacturing station, the general state of trade must be much

improved, before it can become an object of attraction to fresh adventurers. I was glad to pay my last local note away here,—a thing of considerable difficulty, from the vast number of bad ones,—paying 9 dollars for 2 pair of shoes. My curiosity was soon satisfied; and I left this dirty, smoking, miserable place, with uncommon pleasure.

Return to Philadelphia, thro' Huntingdon County.

In my return, I took Huntingdon County in my route, as it is noted for its minerals; and, tired with walking over this mountainous country, I bought a young horse, or creature, as the Americans say. From this place to New Alexandria, the country wore much the same aspect as that through which I approached it,—mountainous, full of minerals, soil thin and strong, scantily inhabited, badly farmed, growing principally buck wheat and Indian corn. New Alexandria has about a dozen houses. At Armagh, I observed a large quantity of fossils, particularly fishes and serpents,—whence some fine specimens have been sent to Philadelphia. Here also I saw an extremely rich strata of

the purest iron ore I have seen in the United States. This place, I have no doubt, will become very important at some future time,—possessing various ores and inexhaustible coal. There are nine salt wells working in this county, producing sixty bushels of salt per day. My breakfast here reminded me of the celebrated John Elwes, Esq.—boiled eggs and pancakes to my tea. In riding hence towards Ebensburgh, along Chesnut Ridge, I was struck with a sudden view of one of the most extensive prospects in nature, and exhilarated with that rare, but delicious enjoyment to an American traveller,—a view of heaven's azure canopy.

Fourteen miles from Ebensburgh, I came upon the new road, cutting from Huntingdon to Pittsburgh, which was terribly rough,—the stones being broke very large, and the road altogether badly made. The ride from Ebensburgh through Alexandria to Huntingdon, over the Alleghany mountains, is one of the wildest in America; the country thinly settled,—the mountains of a most stupendous height,—in some places, the rocks piled upon one another, in a most romantic and terrible disorder. The woods are well populated with deer, pheasants, bears, and rattle-snakes. At the

Yellow Springs, fourteen miles from Huntingdon, is a considerable intermitting spring, which ebbs and flows there alternately, and is never known to vary much. Huntingdon is a considerable place containing upwards of one hundred houses. The surrounding flats are very good. The county of which it is the capital, may be called the Derbyshire of America. At this place I called upon Dr. Henderson to view his collection of minerals, being informed that he had been indefatigable in his researches. I found a great quantity of shabby specimens, thrown amongst some broken tomahawks and old iron. My landlord was an instance of the effects of the remains of feudal modes of thinking in Great Britain, which induce men to sacrifice their own justice, and the happiness and affection of their children on the altar of pride. His family was one of wealth and rank in Ireland, where his eldest brother now lives upon the paternal estate. His other brothers were furnished with commissions in the army, and himself being too young at the time of his father's death, to mount a pulpit, or a ship, or to assume the mountebank habit of a legal murderer, was obliged to seek his fortune in this country, and seemed reconciled to his lot in this wild region. My journey the

next day lay through the Big Valley, between Long Stone, and Jack's mountains, in which are some of the best farms, and best cultivated in the United States. They exhibited fine fallows ready for wheat, with manure heaps laid down as in England. Red clover is cultivated on them to great advantage. The soil a strong hazle worth 60 and 70 dollars peracre, the whole flat including woodland. The timber, oak, hickory, walnut, &c. always indicating good land. The narrows of the Jack's mountains, through which I past to Lewis town are a most terrific scene. They are chasms, which have been made by the rending asunder of these stupendous mountains, by some terrible convulsion. The abrupt rocks stand on either hand, raising their heads to an amazing height, and here and there presenting immense masses of rock projecting from the awful precipice, threatening to crush you to atoms. When I think of the highest hills in England they shrink into comparative inanity. These are truly amongst the sublimest features of nature, and he who can pass them without awe, must be without a soul. I reached Lewis town, the capital of Mifflin County in the evening, 35 miles from Huntingdon.

Eight month 30th—Riding along the Juniatta from Lewistown, I met with one of the Dunkers on a beautiful horse. These people occupy a considerable part of the big valley. They have a most patriarchal appearance, wearing their beards and habited in clothes of the utmost plainness. They have little intercourse with the world. They do not court its acquaintance, but seek tranquillity and seclusion. Their character stands high for honesty, and they are generally wealthy. They bear a testimony against oaths and war, refuse to go to law, and lend their money without interest. Their church government and discipline resemble that of the baptists. They use a variety of ceremonies and acts, which they ground upon the practice of the primitive christians, and indeed they much resemble them in their mode of living, and brotherly unity. Providence seems to have allotted them here, a land adapted to their dispositions, and industry insures their prosperity. The young dress as their parents, and seldom leave the settlement. They still continue to emigrate from Europe, usually in a large body, and purchase a whole settlement, where uninterrupted by the mixture of people of different manners and ideas, they can en-

joy their own, and worship God, and assist each other after the manner of their ancestors.

“A band of brothers in the wilderness.”

Their houses are generally small, but their barns comprise every thing necessary for a complete farm yard. On the first floor, are stables, cow-houses, store-rooms, &c. on the second, a large granary which projects on every side eight or nine feet beyond the lower story, and sufficient to contain all their corn in the straw. Their settlement at Bethany is well known.

The practice of these people deserves the most serious consideration of our countrymen, who proposing to emigrate hither, would wish to possess any of the comforts of life. This mode of a company of fellow countrymen purchasing a track of land for their own exclusive settlement, is undoubtedly the most wise. It presents a variety of important recommendations. If you would wish to employ your own judgement in the cultivation of your land, and not be dragged under the yoke of popular prejudice, you must adopt it. I have lost my patience in nothing so much, as in seeing the universal practice of agriculturists, of the most superior skill, who entered this country with a firm resolve, to

pursue their own plan of judgment, adapting it only to climate and soil, dropping in a few years, into the slovenliness and absurd customs of the Americans. The American farmers are composed of men, or the descendants of them, who came over the water, artificers of all kinds, and commenced husbandmen. They follow the practice of the first settlers, which was bad enough, implicitly, and in spite of reason and the efforts of the most enlightened of their countrymen, who perceive the evil, and have established Agricultural Societies to counteract it, but hitherto without effect. They follow them with that self pride and consequent and opiniative obstinacy, which characterizes the vulgar of America, and few are the minds, which surrounded by them, can long resist the universal laugh and gibe, that attends a dissent from their notions. "Ah you'll teach us something I guess : Let him alone ! we shall see ! he'll do something dreadful clever in awhile !" Such is the language a farmer hears on all sides, who presumes to act different from the sagacious, omniscient American. Besides nobody will assist such an heretic, the ban is upon him, and he is as effectually under the interdict of his neighbours fire and water, as the proscribed Roman, till he condescends to amalgamate with the mass.

The farmer who went from this country, expecting to find the American farmer acting upon some regular system adapted to his climate, soil, and local situation, would be much deceived: his only system is to sow what grain he wants, without any regard to the alternation of green and white crops. He frequently sows the same kind of grain, on the same piece of land, seven or eight, or more years successively, if the strength of the land will allow him. His only object appears convenience, and the saving of labour, which is certainly here an important consideration. The American seldom or never looks forward to the future and progressive improvement of his land, he uses it as asses are used in this country, worked while they have a spark of life in them, without one care about their support or preservation. But if you have any taste for consonant society, if you prefer the company of neighbours whom you resemble in manners, pursuits, and modes of thinking, if you prefer cleanliness to filth,* modesty to inquisitiveness, honesty to theft, civility to the vulgar effrontery of men who mistake lawless licence for liberty, if you wish to sit down in a house clean and sweet, to one odious with nastiness, if

* These remarks more particularly apply to recent settlements.

you prefer sleeping all night, to lying down only to be worried with vermin, and in short the company of people clean, sweet, and unassuming, to a dirty, noisy, spitting and heterogeneous rabble of all countries, this plan is indispensable; by it you may almost forget you are in a foreign land, at times, without it, I can predict your constant and incurable misery.

At Mifflin town I called on Dr. John Harris, a young man of considerable chemical and mineralogical knowledge, and saw his cabinet, which like all the American ones is small. At Thomson town, I likewise called upon the school-master, Thomas Pelaw, who bears a high character in that country as a chemical philosopher. I found him in his school, with a few adult mathematical students. He was merrily singing as I entered, Burns's "When wild wars deadly blast was blown," and reminded me strongly of Campbell's character of the poetry of that admirable and unhappy bard.

"And see the Scottish exile tanned,
By many a far and foreign clime,
Bend o'er his homeborn verse and weep,
In memory of his native land
With love that scorns the lapse of time,
And ties that stretch beyond the deep,

Encamped by Indian rivers wild,
The soldier resting on his arms,
In Burns's carols sweet recalls
The scenes that blest him when a child,
And glows and gladdens at the charms
Of Scotia's woods and waterfalls.

I found him a very intelligent man, had travelled a great deal, held several offices under government, but was now to use his expression, retired to his cabin. It is but justice to him, and to the literary characters in America generally to say, that they were extremely obliging, and ready to give me all possible information and introduction to their friends. The old man was very anxious for me to accompany him to his cavern in the mountains, where he kept his natural curiosities, which he assured me was only 9 miles off.

At Power's tavern where I crossed the Juniatta I entered a valley where the fox grapes hung in wild abundance, ripe, and in bunches of a most surprising size, some of which I gathered, to have dried and sent to England. Having travelled forty miles along the river which runs wildly round these steep, rocky mountains, I stopped at a Dutch tavern. The landlord shewed me as usual to *my* or rather *our* bedroom, for a bedroom here accommodates a multitude, I remarked

to him there were neither sheets nor blankets to the bed, “ Oh ?” said he “ there are two beds” lifting up one with his hand, “ you must sleep between them, you’ll sleep mighty well I guess.” But not having any great fondness for that sort of bed, I begged a rug of him, the only thing I could get, and wrapping myself in it, slept a little, rose early, and crossed the Juniatta at Clark’s ferry. I reached Harrisburgh early in the forenoon. It is a handsome and considerable town, but like most of the American county towns, makes a great display of taverns. I found on enquiry that the number of these and of stores or shops, was equal; of each 34. The state house and land office are here. A new state house is building on an extensive scale. This place I conceive is very suitable for such offices, being not only in a central, but rich and healthy part of the State and well populated. These are qualities which must give strength and security. The soil on this flat forms a strong contrast with that on which the Federal city stands. Although the river here is upwards of a mile wide, two firm permanent bridges are thrown over it at two spans, one from each side to an island nearly in the middle. The private houses are inferior neither to those of Philadelphia or New York;

The streets are wide and clean, and intersect each other at right angles. In my journey the next day, I found myself amongst a Dutch population, who knew so little of English as to be unable to answer my enquiries of the way. One of the most wealthy however gave me some oats for my horse, treated me with his cherry brandy, ripe peaches, apples, and pears, and not only refused to accept the least recompense, but prest me to stop all night at his house. An instance of good-hearted hospitality not often to be found I doubt, by a traveller in England. As I approached Elizabeth-town, the scene was wrapt in the richest tints of nature, and heightened by the softest magic of evening. The luxuriant crops of Indian corn, and clover eddish, were stretched in most beautiful green before me, as I broke from a grove of young white oak and hickory, on the hill. The sun was set, the moon rode sweetly and placidly before me, the noises of men were giving way to the shrill voice of the tree frog, the notes of the cicada or wood cricket, and the plaintive lament of the whip-poor-will, and my mind seemed hushed into a calm, the most comfortable and tranquillizing. I looked round and admired the goodness of Providence

in showering peace, beauty, and plenty upon a generation which murmurs at its lot.

At Washington tavern, where I breakfasted the next morning, nine miles from Harrisburgh, I met with several emigrants just arrived from England, intending for Cincinnati, all in high spirits, having travelled perhaps through the finest part of the United States. I reached Lancaster in the forenoon, I had heard much of this county, but the land as far surpassed my anticipation as Susquehanna county fell short of it. After travelling over upwards of 2000 miles in different states, I do not hesitate to say that the land from Ebensburgh hither, and round this place, is the finest I have seen. A farm, including all its varieties of soil, is worth 120 to 150 dollars per acre. The houses are of stone, handsome and large, and the farm yards spacious. Red clover is much cultivated. Not many sheep are kept, but their dairies are excellent, and their horses noble. The city, which was duly incorporated a year ago, is the largest inland in the United States. The houses in it are many of wood, and strong built, but good brick ones are numerous, and stone ones not unfrequent. The streets intersect at rectan-

gles, like many American towns. It is on the whole a fine and handsome city. As I rode along the West Chester road thirty-four miles the next day, the country still presented the same beautiful and cultivated aspect. The farm houses all along resembling gentlemen's seats in England.

At Centre tavern, West Bradford, next morning, I saw a great number of horses tied under some trees, which I found to belong to friends at a week-day meeting, preparative to the quarterly meeting. They were just breaking up as I reached the place. Andrew Wilson, a young man who settled one mile from this place, a year ago, informed me the monthly meeting contained 150 families, the preparative meeting 50. He accompanied me to Jesse Kersey's farm at Downing town, five miles distant. My time would only permit me to spend the afternoon with him, though he appeared highly pleased with my call, and had much to ask me respecting friends in England. His memory of every incident that occurred to him there, surprised me. He well remembered my father, and telling him an anecdote of himself, which I have heard my father repeat many times : that of a friend overtaking

him, as he was walking to meeting, and saying "Jesse, thy father has given thee a good fortune" "Ah" he replied "where is it? I know of nothing at present." "Yes" said the friend "he has learnt thee to live upon a little." He well remembered my father-in-law R. L. and telling him that his little farm produced more luxuries, than one in America 100 times as large. His son presented me with some ears of Indian corn, of a variety, which he said would succeed in England. If I return in safety I shall try them. Jesse's situation is a beautiful one. His soil is rich. About 100 acres cleared with a fine fruitful orchard upon it.

I stopped for the night at a tavern at West Chester, kept by David Lewis, a friend, and as friends in Chester county are numerous, it is much frequented; This county is more diversified with hills than Lancaster county, but perhaps not quite so rich, yet still very fertile. The white thorn is here cultivated with great success.

Ninth month, 3rd—At the tavern where I breakfasted, nine miles on my way, I met with a young man of a weak and depraved character. He told me that he was educated amongst friends, and was possessed of a fine

plantation worth twenty thousand dollars. He married out of the society and as is too frequently the case unhappily. The tavern was the resource of his disappointed and misguided mind; his property was partly dissipated, his wife put into possession of the remainder, disunited from her, and himself turned a fugitive and a vagabond into the world. He lamented his hard fortune, and weeping aloud to me, I advised him to attempt to subdue his bad habits, and pave the way for a reconciliation, but he replied it was in vain to try. I could not help regarding with mingled horror and compassion, so miserable a victim of unrestrained passions. At two o'clock I reached this city, which I was very glad to see, after an absence of seven weeks.

Thus I have brought you I hope to the termination of my rambles on this side the Atlantic. The state of trade here is much worse, and still declining. Some English emigrants are still seen, anxiously preparing to set off for the west-ward, where I doubt not they will soon be as anxious to get back. Every day sees multitudes returning. During my short stay here, I have visited the Academy of Arts and Sciences, in which is a various and numerous collection of minerals. I

attended the meeting in Mulberry-street on first day, composed of the largest number of friends I ever saw together. The meeting-house is a very large and noble building, and has an extensive library, in which is an ancient manuscript bible. I have just before sitting down to this letter been through the markets, which are full of fruit. Ripe peaches $\frac{1}{4}$ dollar per peck. Cantelopes, melons, apples, pears, plums, grapes, &c. One water melon I saw which well filled a wheel-barrow. I intend being in New York in a few days, whence as soon as I can terminate my affairs there, I shall hasten to embark once more for happy old England.

LETTER XI.



New York, 9th Month, 22nd. 1819.

THE first news that met me here, was the prevalence of the yellow fever. Auctions are numerous occasioned by this circumstance. The heat continues oppressive, and the musquitos though bad enough in Philadelphia, are still more tormenting here. The fear of contagion makes friends meetings very small in this city. I have engaged a passage in the Ship Ann, Crocker, for Liverpool, but as the wind has been so long, and still continues unfavourable, my brother and myself, tired of the heat and apprehensive of the fever in the city, which

gets worse every day, have made a trip to Long Island. We took stage at Brooklyn and past by William Cobbett's late residence, Hyde Park is now burnt down. His wife and family have left this fine country for old England. Himself and son are in lodgings near Jamaica. The land is a weak sand and is so completely burnt up, that not a blade of grass can be seen. This is called the garden of America. We visited North Hampstead, a neat little village on bad land and where fuel is very scarce. We walked back by Jamaica, twelve miles from New York, which is likewise a smart village surrounded by numerous large orchards, but like the generality of this Island without fruit, owing I suppose to the great draught of the season. We purchased a few chickens of a remarkable large kind, to take to England, and got some Indian and broom corn, on our return from this Columbian garden, which indeed resembles too much many of the American gardens, plats of ground burnt up with the sun, in which a cabbage or a gooseberry is a great rarity.

I am waiting impatiently enough, I assure you to leave this place. The heat, the fever, the musquitos, and the many delays and disappointments respecting sail-

ing, all add to my anxiety to see the vessel move. The fever rages increasingly, notwithstanding all the efforts of the board of health to check it, and numbers are nightly carried out by the negroes to be buried. It is well known that these enslaved men are exempt from the contagion of this fever; I have heard a physician declare that he considered the fever the consequence of slave holding, and that were he a preacher, he would declaim against it, as the grand cause of a terrible scourge from which this country will never be free, till it makes its slaves free. Men in the degraded and spirit quenching condition of slavery, live in a state of filth and pollution, which in a hot climate ingenders and diffuses infectious miasma, which though harmless to them, is amazingly fatal to their oppressors. If we believe in a superintending providence and consider this striking fact, does it not add considerable force to the retributive notion of the doctor? Walking pretty early this morning up Front-street, I observed that the greater part of the inhabitants had removed on this account, and left tickets on the doors, of reference to their new lodgings.

In order to beguile my anxiety to get off, I shall

employ myself in giving you a few general remarks on this country, though it is uncertain whether I or my letter will reach you first. I can assure you, I am heartily tired of my sojourn here: the charm of novelty is gone, and most objects of fascination are gone with it, and I look with augmenting pleasure to the time when I shall set foot on a shore which, not only the ties of nature, but the effects of comparison has highly endeared to me. I quit this land with but few sources of regret; and yet not without a few. There are those in it, whose hospitality and kindness, whose liberal minds and endearing manners, I shall never forget; and on whose account I could wish so vast an ocean did not intervene between their and mine abode. I regret to leave my brother behind, whose company and indefatigable affection have contributed very much to soften the hardships and disappointments of our journey; but he has determined to stay the winter over, in order to see if any better prospect may possibly present itself: I regret to think how many of my countrymen and countrywomen are suffering incredible hardships; and how many more may yet be induced to enter the same fascinating path of adventure.

For myself, there are a variety of causes, each individually sufficient to prevent me settling here ; but I will only mention one or two, in a general manner. The heat of the climate, in summer, is far too great to be endured with comfort. To be panting under a perpetual and intense perspiration, day and night, till the lightest clothes are intolerable, is burthensome enough, if one only wished to sit still ; but, to take exercise in such a climate, is slavery indeed. Life is wearisome, and (I am persuaded) it is reconcileable to none, except they become inured to it very early. But, the inducements to agriculturalists are not so powerful as I anticipated. There are districts which are fertile ; but, as a general statement, the soil of America is poor. It is a fact, that the land which has been worked some years, and abandoned under the name of worn-out land, does not recover itself by rest, as our English land. It has not that mild and propitious atmosphere, to impregnate it with the principles of vegetation ; but, its force is devoured by the raging sun. On the other hand, the fertile tracks are sold at a price quite inadequate to their value, as calculated by the price of produce. There can be, therefore, no inducement to an

agriculturalist to break all the bonds of early life, and the ties of country and kindred, to settle here. But, the manners of the people are to me the greatest objection; of which I shall speak presently.

As for general emigration, I imagine, by the time I reach England, it will have begun to subside. The voice of disappointment will certainly have risen above that of wild and romantic adventure, and made itself heard. At present, it is the height of folly. Such is the present state of things here, that neither farmers nor mechanics can succeed:—the vast number of sheriffs' sales, are a sufficient proof of this. The country is inundated with the vast torrent of emigration, that has been flowing into it; and if trade were flourishing, as that the grower could dispose of his produce readily, and take in return the fabrics of the manufacturer, the new arrivars must be content to penetrate far into the wilderness, and undergo fatigues, expense and hardships,—which he can badly estimate by his fire side.

The tide of emigration, like that of the ocean, must ebb as well as flow,—and this is the ebbing period; but, if such be the distress of England, and so gloomy

its prospects, that emigration is (to any one) an object of desire,—I would certainly advise them to remove hither rather than to a new colony. The pioneers of civilization,—those who advance first into an untrodden desert, and begin the work of culture and population, ought to be schooled to the office by a suitable education: they must be inured from childhood to a rude and desultory life,—to every inconvenience of poverty and irregularity of climate,—to struggle against difficulties which would daunt, and amidst sufferings which would destroy all besides. The towns-man, the mechanic, and even the farmer, accustomed to regularity of life, must, in such a situation, become a wretched object, and, most probably, the victim of his change of habits. But here, at least, they may find some degree of civil security, and may fix themselves on a track which has felt the first efforts of civilization, and is still in the verge of society: but it must be *the distressed* alone, who can hope to find alleviation here. There may be some who may improve their situations. Farmers, of considerable capital, who, by purchasing a track that will supply their families with food, and reserve a portion of that capital, to procure clothes and other necessities, may live comfortably, and look

forward to an increasing value of their estates. Mechanics, whose superior skill or good fortune, may meet with profitable employ; but the state of trade and glut of emigration, both preclude the possibility of the majority securing to themselves situations which will counterbalance the difficulties and hardships they will certainly find: amongst these, the impositions of the older inhabitants are not the least. The old American (or Yankee) looks with the most sovereign contempt upon the emigrant: he considers him a wretch, driven out of a wretched country, and seeking a subsistence in his glorious land. His pride is swelled, and his scorn of the poor emigrant doubled,—not merely by this consideration, but by the prevailing notion, that,—but few come here who have not violated the laws of their native realm. If a word is said of one returning,—“Oh, (says the Yankee,) he’ll non-return: the stolen horse will keep him here.”

With their insatiate thirst of gain, and these contemptuous notions of emigrants, they seem to consider them fair objects for plunder; and are prepared, in every transaction, to profit by their ignorance of the value of their goods,—the custom and laws of the

country, and the character of the people. Whoever comes here, should come with his eyes and ears open, and with the confirmed notion, that he is going to deal with sharpers. If he is not careful in purchasing necessities for his inland journey, he will pay ten-fold for them; and when he is there, without equal caution, he will be liable to purchase land of a squatter: that is, a man who has taken possession of it, cultivated it without any title, and is subject to be ejected every day by the legal owner. With this, the evils of the banking system are to be taken into the account. I have stated, in a former letter, the causes which tend to bind a purchaser to the soil, and make him a pauper and a slave upon it; add to this, the extremes of heat and cold,—the tormenting and disgusting swarms of vermin, not merely infesting your plantations and devouring every green leaf in your fields, but crawling in your houses, and attacking your persons. I have given a catalogue of plagues, which a man must have courage and discontent in abundance, to steel him to encounter.

For those who, in any degree, prize social enjoyments, this, I am confident, is not the land. Oh! it

is not a pure and romantic arcadia, where the vices of cities are forgotten, and shepherds are piping by fountains, while their fair ones are twining roses and jessamines round their sylvan cottages, and the only objects of life are, to live and to love. It cannot be expected to be such, if we only reflect a moment on the causes which have populated it, and the character of those who would naturally seek an asylum here.—There have been, doubtless, many noble and generous souls, who, indignant at oppression and adoring liberty, civil or religious, have sought it here. There have been many who, weary of the guilty dissipation of Europe, have hoped for a sweeter quiet,—many who, stripped of all the dearest connexions, have sought forgetfulness in change and novelty,—many who, glancing forward into futurity, wished to plant their children on an ampler theatre of action than the teeming little spot of Britain could promise; but these were lost in the mighty, overwhelming multitude of those whom the sentence of violated laws, or crimes which inspired the fear of them, had banished,—of those who had swindled the public, and gulled a host of creditors, and escaped hither with the spoil,—and of those who, without education, without moral principles, or any

other resource, had scraped together just enough to land them on this shore of adventurous fame : a mingled mass of the lowest of all countries, with hearts that had shewn their little sympathy with their fellow-men, by their easy contempt of the *amor patriæ*, and whose leading star was a thirst of possession, that every thing, particularly since the revolution, has tended at once to stimulate and debauch. It was not to be expected, that from such primordial roots, should quickly spring the lovely shoots of civil union and social order.

Released at once from the yoke of poverty and of a stricter government, the most powerful passions were speedily developed and excited to a morbid excess. Metamorphosed from poor and oppressed subjects, into proprietors of the soil and important wheels in the great machine of government, and flattered as the champions of liberty,—the desire of power, and the love of self, were pushed with an exotic growth to a rank luxuriance. They were not possessed of that virtue implanted by a careful education,—of that philosophy, and deep sense of propriety, which can alone restrain them within due bounds, and the torrent of concurring circumstances carried them away. The

love of liberty is but one modification of the love of self; it is great and amiable only while it involves its own interest in that of the whole community. It is the most selfish passion of the soul; and if unchecked by the power of reason, virtue, and benevolence, speedily degenerates into tyranny. It is the vitiated love of liberty which characterizes the despot. He sits in its full enjoyment, and in his exercise of freedom binds the fetters of slavery on a whole state, and lops the heads of its noblest citizens.

This feature, in the heroes of liberty, has been conspicuous in all ages. The Greek, brandished the scourge over his helot,—the Roman, his slave,—and in the modern land of liberty, its champions mark the generosity of their free-born souls, on the bleeding backs of their negroes. In what does the freedom of such men differ from that of Phalaris, enjoying the roar of his victim in his red-hot bull,—of Dionysius, steeping his hands in the blood of the Scyracusan patriots,—or of Tiberius ordering the execution of a son, who dared to weep at the fatal sentence of his father.

It is not that true, that genuine liberty, which at

once asserts its own, and respects the rights of another; not that exalted and sublime principle which animates a soul enlightened by the mingled blaze of philosophy and religion,—and which teaches us to spare the feelings and respect the sentiments of our neighbours, while we enjoy the unshackled indulgence of our own, which, in a word, teaches us to do as we would be done by. I say not, that such a principle actuates no American; that would be to violate at once both truth and virtue. There are many who would do honour to any country, by their knowledge, politeness, and nobility of mind. The number of these will increase with the progress of the arts and sciences amongst them; but these benefactors, and reformers of men, follow only in the train of national wealth and greatness.—Their course is only now beginning. This is not the natural time of their flourishing. The work of population, and acquisition of property, must be first well established; the clearing of land,—the construction of machinery,—must occupy the thoughts and exertions of the multitude,—and it will only be when there are many in the mighty mass, who have wealth and leisure to allow them to turn from the constant caring for the

means of existence to the wish to embellish it, that they will take deep root and exert their influence over the public mind : then these restraints upon vulgar and ignorant licentiousness will, indeed, be properly felt and extended.

At present, the predominant character is too strongly marked, by the causes I have stated. The idea of freedom seems to extend to every thing. The real Yankee deems himself authorised to indulge his own will, and to break the slavish bonds of decorum and respect. Like the Swiss peasant, who, at the point of death, avowing his enmity to his murderer, and being asked by his priest, if he meant to go to hell,—in a passion which extinguished life, exclaimed, “ I am a free Switzer, and can go where I please.”* The confirmed American is without bounds to his licence and his pride. But I will notice a few characteristics separately. The first which strikes a stranger is, an astonishing inquisitiveness. Wherever you go, you are surrounded by men (who never saw you before in their lives) who immediately have a thousand questions.

* Zimmerman's Solitude.

“Who are you? Where do you come from? What are you doing here? What’s your name?” &c. &c.—The repugnance of Englishmen to answer all these interrogations, is the cause of many a curse. “O! you’re a mighty grand fellow! You’re not to be spoken to, I guess! You’re not in England now!”

I carried a large port-folio with me some hundreds of miles, in the woods, to collect botanical specimens of indigenous plants. The moment I entered a tavern, “What have you got there? Have you got pictures?” “No.” “Are you going to publish? Have you got specimens of your work?” “No.” “Have you got maps?” “No; only a few dried plants.” “Plants! What, are you a herb-doctor?” “No.” “What then? What are they for?” Before I had time to satisfy their curiosity, a dozen hands would have hold of it: some pulling at the strings, some trying to open it before it was untied, and some seizing hold of the end of a leaf or a twig, that happened to peep. It was with the utmost difficulty I could preserve it while under my care; and, sending it to New York by the stage, it happened to be left at a tavern, where it was

quickly ransacked: every string pulled off, the leaves torn and tossed, and the specimens taken or spoiled.

My brother got a waggon, to convey my luggage to the vessel, on my preparation to embark, in which were some cases, containing deer and fowls. The busy spectators jumped into the waggon, one after another: "What have you got? Have you got foxes? and hens! What are you going to do with them?" "Take them to England." "O ha! and what have you got in these chests?" "Should you like to see?" "Oh! yes; let's see," &c. &c. It is said, you lose nothing by these impertinent catechists,—that they are as ready to answer as to ask; but, at all events, they are like their musquitos, very busy about you when you could well spare them.

But many of them are not satisfied with asking and seeing, they retain some of the nimble-fingered propensities of their ancestors. They use their freedom to take what they please. Near Power's Tavern, Pennsylvania, I gathered some remarkably large and beautiful bunches of Fox grapes, which I carried upwards of three hundred miles, and got them dried at Philadel-

phia, to take to England, they scarcely got to my lodgings in New York before they were stole. A friend at Mansfield in a joke requested me before leaving home, to bring her a live rattlesnake. As one fell into my hands, I sent it to New York, in a cage, where it was also claimed, and was exhibiting in that city on my arrival. My double-barrelled gun which I highly valued both for the beauty and the excellence of the workmanship, went out of my private room while I stepped out about an hour, and though our suspicion naturally fell upon our landlord, all researches and advertisements were in vain. I select these instances out of many, to shew that things valuable or worthless, are alike acceptable. I shall be happy to escape at length with any thing left.

Their love of freedom shews itself in their vulgar effrontery. Considering their opinions as the very oracles of wisdom, contradiction to them is intolerable; yet they will contradict with furious impetuosity. Their conceit is incredible, and of consequence their opiniatre' invincible. Do as you will, you are almost certain of giving offence, especially if you are known as an Englishman, for he is watched with an envious and ma-

lignant eye. One day at a tavern at dinner, where four waiters were in attendance, I incautiously said, "Waiter! will thou please hand me the mustard?" "Who are you?" roared out a fellow who sat opposite, in a gruff tone, "You are not in England now! There are no waiters here!" I replied "that there were four persons in waiting, and that I knew of no more appropriate name. But that my question was not addressed to him, and that he need not therefore put himself out of humour about it." This was a gross insult to the free American, and he uttered a torrent of abuse and of oaths before a large company, with as much fury as if I had taken his dinner away; which by the bye, he was gobbling down with a voracity as savage and disgusting as his address. Such rencounters are by no means unfrequent, even when you previously fancy yourselves in most respectable travelling company. At a boarding-house in New York, my dog, which was chained in the yard by my luggage, barked at a little fiery republican as he past, though it was impossible he could come near him. The little man was so enraged that he fetched an axe to dash out his brains, and it was only by the most prompt and reso-

lute resistance that I compelled him to desist. My landlady however attacked me with a torrent of feminine eloquence, because I would not let the dog be killed, that to obtain peace I was obliged to pay my bill and seek fresh quarters. The perpetual occurrence of such displays of the spirit of freedom, though they may appear trivial or invidious on paper, are inconceivably irritating to those who love quietness, and have been accustomed to temperate society. They urge to the maximum my anxiety to depart from this sanctuary of liberty.

One trait more and I have done; the too general want of cleanliness. It is a common complaint against the English, that nothing is good enough for them; and I do not wonder at it. The taverns are most offensive in this respect. Enter one of these, you will naturally suppose, that in a land, where every man's history is a perfect romance, in a company all of whom, or their father's have quitted their native country from the avowed love of liberty, that you will find a certain greatness of soul, a dignity and magnanimity of thought in minds that have spurned at oppression, and sacrificed every thing to be free, and a consequent degree of

propriety, and delicacy of manners. They are dignified indeed, for you may imagine them if you will, the Gods in an Olympian council, there they sit the clouds are rolling over their heads, and below them the floor is wet with the eternal shower. Smoking and spitting are the luxuries of life, and I verily believe an American could not enjoy the thought of heaven, if he were sure not to find there, his whiskey and segar. But this odious custom pervades all ranks and places. In elegant houses, in carpeted rooms, you are happy if you escape spitting upon, for an American is free and can spit where he pleases. But the want of cleanliness and attention to comfort is discernible in many other particulars. There are provisions for conveniency and delicacy that even the Ashantees in Africa are said to possess in perfection, and which one would suppose no nation with any pretensions to civilization would be without, but which are seldom found connected with any houses in the country here. The outsides of the rural dwellings are commonly pleasing to the eye, painted white, with pea-green shutters, but the internal contrast is frequently so comfortless as to make you think the notions of comfort on the different sides

the Atlantic, are exactly opposite. It is however amongst the back settlers, that filth and vermin reach their acme, and hold despotic empire. Nor am I surprised at it, the langour inspired by the climate, and dispiriting influence of abject poverty, and perhaps disappointment, extinguish the ardour of hope, and destroy the pulse, and impetus of activity.

But I must conclude; and shall only add one general sentiment as the sum and substance of my opinion. America will doubtless in time become a great country, and when the character of its population, has whitened and improved beneath the humanizing influence of science and of time, it may be a happy country. But at present Emigration is folly, and will I think, continue long to present an aspect, at which a sensible man will pause and reflect,

“ ’Tis better to bear the evils that we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.”



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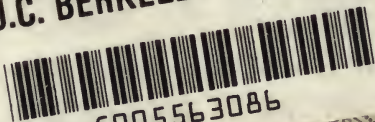
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